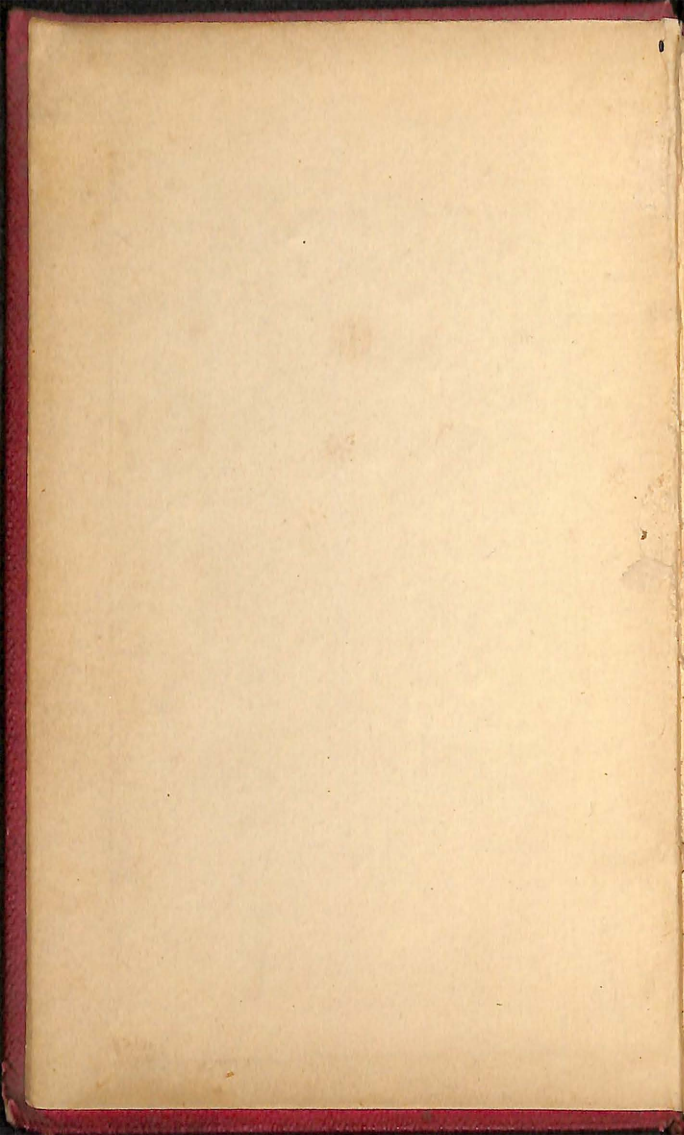


JUVENILE

18

49

SCRAP BOOK







THE JUVENILE SCRAP BOOK,

FOR MDCCCLXIX.

EDITED BY,

GRANDFATHER MERRYMAN.



New York, D Appleton & Company 200 Broadway

THE

JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK

FOR

1849;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

GRANDFATHER MERRYMAN.

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA :

GEO. S. APPLETON, 148 CHESNUT-STREET.

MDCCCXLIX.

ENTERED, according to act of Congress, in the year 1848, by

D. APPLETON & Co.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of
New-York.

P R E F A C E .

ONE day while sitting in my garden at my country-seat in New York State, from which, by looking at the title, you will see I have a fine view of the high bridge across the Harlem River, one of my favorite little granddaughters came running to me, just as I had seated myself in my old garden-seat, and earnestly begged me to again read her book to her. But, as I thought she had heard those stories so often, I supposed she would like to hear some new ones much better, so I related to her two or three. With these, and with others that I told her during the holydays which she was spending with me, she was so much pleased, that I thought my numerous juvenile friends throughout the country would also like to possess

them. I have accordingly collected them into a volume, which my publishers have made very attractive by the addition of twenty-eight beautiful engravings; and it is now offered as a Christmas and New Year's Present, to amuse and instruct you, by your friend,

GRANDFATHER MERRYMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1848.

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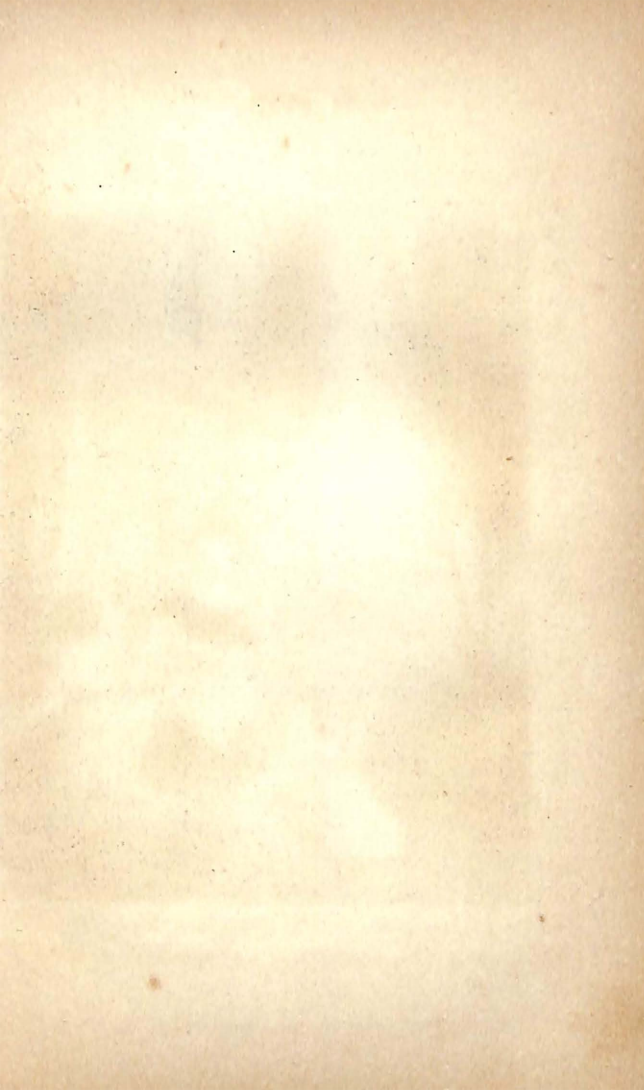
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JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

THE PROUD GIRL.

“How I wish gran’pa was here!” exclaimed little Susan Fielding, one day to her mother, who was busying herself about household affairs, and could not devote as much of her time to her children, Susan and Robert, as usual. Robert was about nine years old, and thought himself too much of a little man to complain of any fancied neglect on his mother’s part; so he amused himself by drawing horses and dogs on his new slate, a department of the fine arts, for which, if he had no particular talent, he showed at least a plentiful supply of industry. Susan was two years younger than Robert, and having no female companion of her own age, to converse with when her mother was en-

gaged, really felt lonesome ; and this is the reason why she cried, perhaps, a little impatiently, "How I wish gran'pa was here !"

Mrs. Fielding entered the room at this moment, and hearing Susan's earnest wish, inquired of her why she was so anxious to see her grandpapa just then.

"Because, ma," replied the little girl ; "gran'pa always tells me such nice stories when I ask him to, and I *do* want some one to talk to me just now."

"Well, my dear," replied her mother, soothingly, "you will soon have your wish, for I saw your gran'pa coming up the lawn as I entered. He'll be here presently, but do not tease him the moment he comes in, for you know he is very old, and must have time to rest after his walk.

Susan clapped her hands for joy, and promised that she would be very patient, but she could not conceal her anticipated pleasure. As for Robert, as soon as he heard of his grandpapa's being near the house, his slate and pencil were dropped immediately, and running to the door to meet him, his eyes fairly sparkled with delight as he cried lustily, "Gran'pa's coming ! gran'pa's coming !"

Old Mr. Fielding was as much delighted with the children as they were with him, and when he seated himself in his easy chair, drawn from its corner by the

children, he kissed both affectionately, and placed one on each knee, saying,

“Well, my children, have you been well since I saw you last?”

“Oh, yes, gran’pa,” said Susan, “but I wanted you to come here so bad. Ma has been busy all day, and could not talk to me, and Robert would talk of nothing but dogs and horses, and you know, gran’pa, little girls don’t care about such animals. But now you’re here, and you’ll tell us all about the proud little girl you spoke of last week—that is when you rest yourself, gran’pa,” exclaimed Susan, suddenly recollecting that she must not tease him, as her mother desired.

The old gentleman smiled at his grandchild’s thoughtfulness, and after a few moment’s spent in collecting his ideas, during which time Robert’s slate lay quite neglected, and Susan tried to look very patient, he began as follows:

“Caroline Ellis was the only child of parents who thought that indulging her in every wish was all that was necessary to make her happy, which idea, my dear children, is very erroneous, for little boys and girls are not as well qualified to judge what is good for them as grown people are. Caroline was delicate, and notwithstanding her father’s wealth, she became paler and paler each day, until at last great fears were entertained that

her life would pay the forfeit of her parents' pride, for that was the sole cause of their daughter's ill-health. Her mother was not like yours, Susan; she taught her child to believe that it was low and vulgar to play as other children do; but kept her always dressed up in the parlor, except when she took her to balls and parties with herself. The consequences were that she pined away, until, as I told you, great fears were felt for her life.

Country air was recommended by the physicians, and, accompanied by her mother, she visited several watering places, but always dressed up in beautiful silks and satins, so that it was impossible to go in the fields or meadows, without soiling her expensive dresses. Although the change of air did her a great deal of good, her health was by no means re-established, and now the physicians told her mother that her child must be allowed to skip and jump about with children of her own age—which I forgot to say was twelve years—instead of promenading like an old person."

"What is promenading, gran'pa?" interrupted Susan.

"It is walking slowly, my child, the way vain little girls walk who think more about fine clothes than the sweet little flowers my darling Susan loves so well. However, her mamma was prevailed on to send her to

the country, alone, to the house of her uncle, who had four children; but Caroline had never seen them, and it was hard to persuade her to go into the ‘dull country,’ as she called it, and mingle with ‘vulgar country people.’ But she discovered her error in time.

“At her uncle’s, she was treated with great kindness and attention by her cousins, who did all that lay in their power to please her—fresh bouquets of flowers were pulled for her daily, and although she would at first scarcely open her lips to any one of them, their repeated acts of kindness overcame her pride somewhat, and she would occasionally talk with her cousin Ellen, who was nearly her own age; but sometimes she would let her proud feelings overcome her, and exclaim to her cousin, ‘Ellen, how can you content yourself in this dull place?’ Ellen was too much of a real little lady to notice the rudeness, which must have hurt her feelings, for she was doing every thing in her power to make her cousin happy.

“Caroline was too selfish to care for any one’s pleasure but her own,” continued old Mr. Fielding, “she had never been taught that the way to be happy is to try to make others so. Ellen had given up her own pleasures to amuse her cousin in her own way; but she was beginning to get tired of her constant complaints of dullness, for to her nothing could be more

charming than the sweet singing of the birds, and she had little time now to listen to the music of nature.

“One morning Ellen and Caroline were walking, and Ellen proposed a visit to a cottage down a long green lane, occupied by their old nurse, greatly beloved by the whole family, who visited her almost every day in good weather. Caroline consented, and when they arrived near the place, they were surprised to hear the voices of children, as if in great glee. Ellen was further surprised and delighted to discover that they were her own brothers and sisters, who had arrived by another route, and were busily engaged with agricultural implements in their hands. Charles and Mary had rakes, raking the hay, Emma was gathering flowers, and calling to Charles to come and see how sweet they looked, and little Eddie was trying to make the hay into bundles. ‘See, sis, how nice I can make it!’ shouted he, and his voice rang clear through the pure air, as he clasped the sweet-scented hay in his little hands. Ellen could resist the temptation no longer; she ran to join her little brother in his healthful exercise. Caroline remained looking at them through the window, shocked at first at the idea of her cousin Ellen joining in such rude and vulgar sports; but in a few moments the rich perfume of the new-made hay tempted her to mingle with her cousins. At first, she made sad

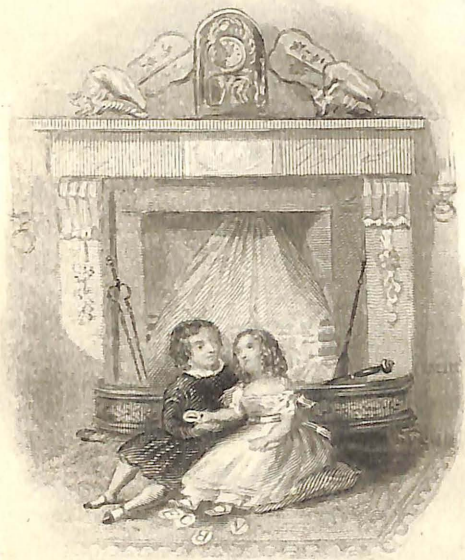


work of it, and several times was on the point of withdrawing from the party ; but fortunately she did not—and for two long hours these happy children laughed and played, until the time arrived to go home to supper. Caroline's cheeks were now flushed with exercise—she felt like a new being, and conscious that her cousins were right, and she wrong, she laid her head on Ellen's lap, and bursting out into tears, asked her forgiveness for her rudeness. But Ellen had nothing to forgive—she was happy because she was the means of breaking her cousin of a fashionable vice, and when next day they went again, refreshed after a sound sleep, to ramble and run among the grass and flowers, the cousins became better acquainted than they ever had been before, and the healthy color soon returned permanently to Caroline's cheeks, and she became quite well, and her aunt prevailed on her to remain during the whole summer with them, which she willingly did, for she now loved her aunt and cousins dearly.

When at last her time arrived to go home, she cried heartily at the thought of parting, and promised to come again next summer, and every letter sent by her afterwards told of her continued good health, and was full of thanks to her country cousins for their persevering kindness to her until her proud spirit was completely broken, and she was enabled to become a happy child

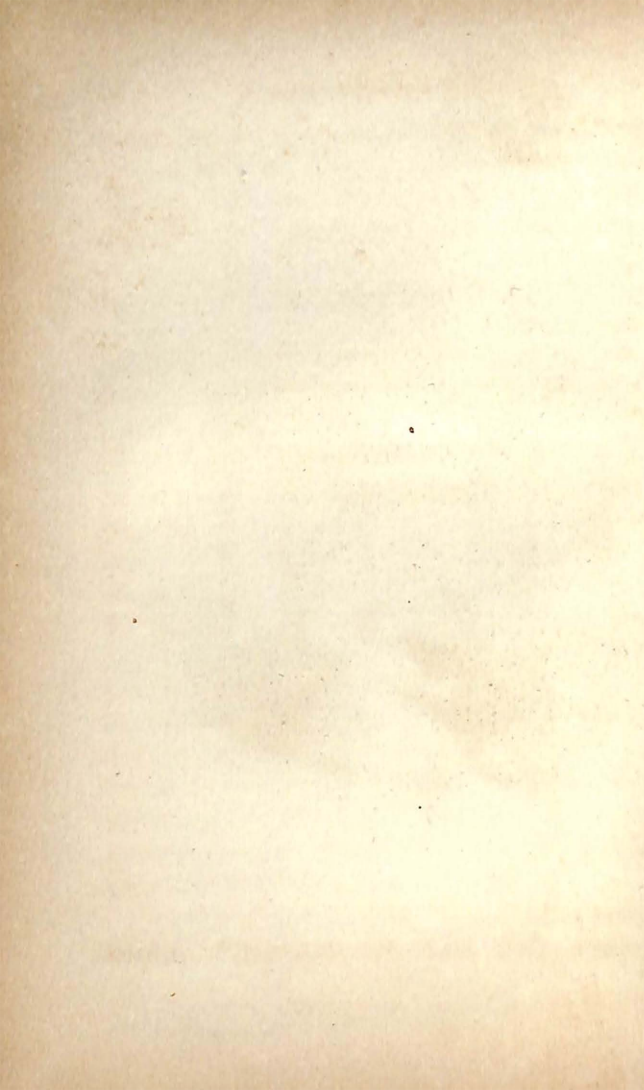
of nature, and no longer worthy of the title of the PROUD GIRL."

Susan and Robert both thanked their grandpapa for telling them such a nice story, and hoped that they would never become proud and despise any body; and they felt thankful to God for giving them such a good mamma, to lead them in the way to do right.



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THE USE OF PUNISHMENTS.

FRANK had a little cousin Mary; when Mary was six years old, she was brought to live at his father's house. Frank soon grew fond of Mary and played with her at whatever she liked; sometimes he was her horse; sometimes she was his horse; sometimes he rolled her in his wheelbarrow, and sometimes she made a cat's cradle for him.

Though Mary and Frank were good-natured, yet they had faults. Frank was sometimes impatient; and Mary was sometimes a little cross. Frank had not been used to play with children younger and weaker than himself. When he found that he was the strongest, he made use of his strength to force Mary to do as he commanded her; and when he wanted any thing she had, he would snatch it rudely from her hands. Once Frank took a ball from her in this manner, and hurt her so much that she roared out with the pain.

Frank's father, who was in the next room, heard

her, and came to inquire what was the matter. Mary stopped crying; and Frank, though he felt much ashamed, told his father how he had hurt her.

Frank's father was pleased with his honesty, in telling the truth, but he ordered the children into different rooms, and they were not allowed to play together any more that day.

The next morning, at breakfast, Frank's father asked if they liked best to be together, or to be separate.

"To be together," answered Frank and Mary.

"Then, my children, take care and do not quarrel," said Frank's father, "for whenever you quarrel, I shall end your dispute at once, by separating you. You, Frank, know the use of punishment."

"Yes, I know," answered Frank, "that when I have done wrong, you give me pain; you take away what I like; or hinder me from doing as I like."

"Do you think," asked his father, "that I like to give pain—for what purpose do I punish you?"

"Not because you like to give me pain, but to hinder me from doing wrong again."

"How will punishment hinder you from doing wrong again?"

"You know, papa, I should be afraid to have the same punishment again, if I were to do the same wrong

action ; and the pain, and the shame of the punishment, make me remember them a long while. Whenever I think of doing the wrong action again, for which I was punished, I recollect the punishment, and then I determine not to do wrong again."

"Is there any other use in punishments, do you think, Frank?"

"Yes, to prevent other people from doing wrong : when they see a person who has done wrong punished, if they are sure they shall have the same punishment, if they do the same wrong thing, they take care not to do it."

JULIAN AND HIS RABBIT.

ONE day little Susan Clare came to her mother, with the request that she would tell her a short story. Her mother, after satisfying herself that Susan had been industriously employed during the morning, promised to comply with her request, and the following conversation took place between them.

"What shall I tell you about, my little girl?" said Mrs. Clare; "do you know the story of the grateful Julian?"

"No, mother," was the reply.

"Well, you shall hear it," said Mrs. Clare. "There once lived a very poor man, who had one child six years old, whose name was Julian. This little boy was the owner of but one thing in the wide world, and that was a rabbit."

"Ah, mother," exclaimed Susan, "it is a pretty little animal—the rabbit. I wish that I had one."

"My dear Susan," replied her mother, "you have so many nice things to make you happy, that you can do



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very well without a rabbit. You have nice clothes, good food and drink, and a clean bed on which to lie down at night. You have a pretty doll, a couple of pigeons, and a whole closet full of books and play-things. Poor little Julian had nothing of all these."

"What!" said Susan, "had he not even good clothes to keep him warm?"

"Some old rags hastily patched together, were all he had to cover himself."

"And did he have no bed?"

"A little straw in the corner, upon the ground."

"And nothing to eat or drink?" asked Susan.

"Oftentimes nothing to eat," said Mrs. Clare; "or, when he was very hungry, a morsel of dry brown bread with some water."

"O, poor Julian!" exclaimed Susan. "If he were here, I would give him every day half of my breakfast and of my luncheon."

"Now hear the rest of my story," said her mother. "Notwithstanding he was so poor, Julian was contented, for his little rabbit made up for all his privations, and it was indeed a charming animal. Its hair was as white as snow glittering in the sunshine, and soft as silk. Its eyes were bright as diamonds, and then it was so tame, so fond of its little master! When his father gave him a bit of bread, Julian would go behind the hut,

and sit down upon the grass ; and then he had but to call, ' Jeannot, Jeannot ;' and instantly his rabbit would run to him, leap upon his arm, and take from him the morsels of bread one by one in his mouth."

"O, my dear mother," Susan here exclaimed, "I must, indeed, I must have a rabbit exactly like it."

"But you might tame with equal ease your lamb and your pigeons," answered Mrs. Clare. "Believe me, my child, all animals are indued with gratitude, and they all love us, when they see that we love them. But let me return to little Julian. Although he had often to suffer hunger, cold, and numerous other hardships and privations, he still kept a good heart, because his little rabbit was to him every day a source of new pleasure.

"But at last a sad misfortune befell poor Julian; he became very sick. His father, for want of money, could not take care of him, which his sickness needed. So the poor little fellow lay stretched upon the damp floor, enduring great pain, without any one to cure him.

"His little rabbit soon came to find him, and took a place by his side on the straw. The little creature even looked at him so mournfully, that it seemed as if he would say to him :—' Ah, my poor master, how I pity you !' And Julian regarded his rabbit with looks

so forlorn, that he seemed ready to reply: 'Ah, my little rabbit; I shall soon have to leave you!'

"Fortunately there resided in the neighborhood a rich and benevolent man, who chanced to hear of Julian's sickness and his father's poverty. He immediately resolved to visit their hut, to learn if what he heard was true, and to see what aid he could render. When this good man entered the hut, and saw poor Julian sick, thin and pale, upon his bed of straw, he could hardly refrain from shedding tears.

"'My poor child,' said he, 'be consoled. I come to bring you assistance.'

"So, without more delay, this kind friend caused Julian to be carried to his house, where a proper bed was prepared for him, and every care was taken to restore him to health. The means employed for his cure were so successful that, at the end of two weeks, he was able to return to his father's hut.

"During that time the rich man had also afforded some aid to the father, and had presented little Julian with a whole new suit of clothes. So the father and son found themselves happier than they had ever been before. The little rabbit leaped up with joy on again beholding its dear Julian.

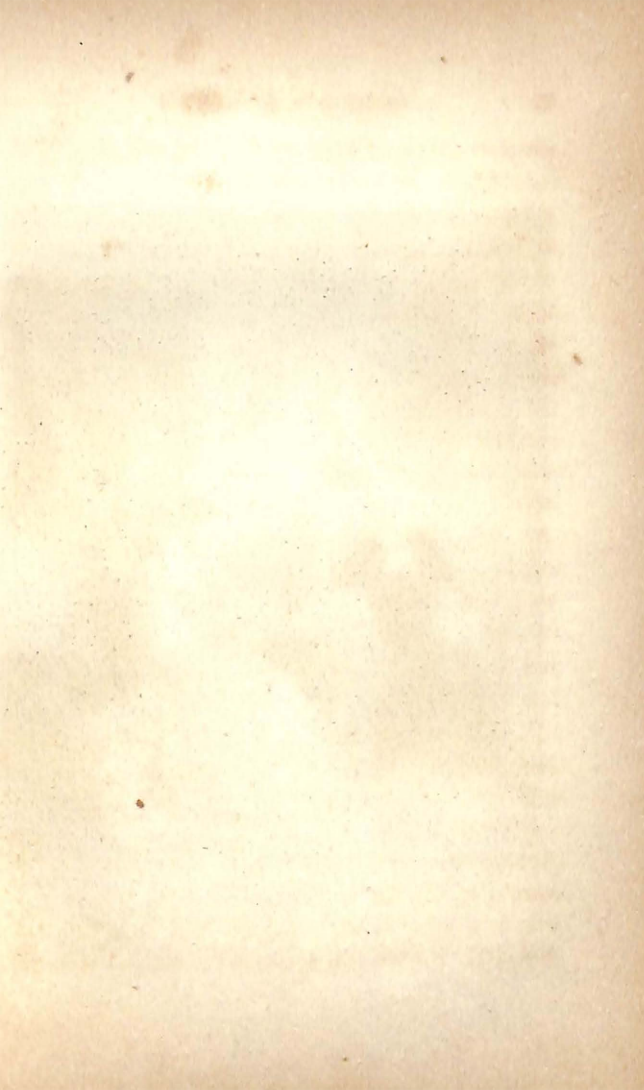
"The father now said to his son: 'You see, my dear

Julian, how happy this gentleman has made us. What shall we do to show him our gratitude ?

“ Julian reflected a moment ; and then exclaimed, full of joy : ‘ Oh ! I will go and carry him my little rabbit ! ’ ‘ Yes, my child,’ said his father ; ‘ it is the most valuable thing that you have ; it is all your wealth ; you can do nothing better to prove to him your gratitude. Tell him, also, that your father will work for him, without pay, one day every week.’ ”

“ Julian took his rabbit, and, although much attached to it, he went nevertheless with a good deal of joy, to offer it to his benefactor. This worthy man first heard all that he had to say, but then fondly embraced him, and said : ‘ It is well, my dear boy : we ought to be grateful towards those who do us a kindness ; I am content with your good will. Not only I do not wish to deprive you of your rabbit, but I wish to do more for you than I have yet done.’ To be brief, the good gentleman paid the expense of Julian’s schooling, that he might have a good education ; then he employed the boy’s father so profitably, that both were soon above want.

“ Julian grew up an intelligent and industrious lad. Every thing prospered with him ; and when the parents of other children wished to inspire their children with gratitude, they used to tell them the story of Julian and his little rabbit.”





QUEEN ANNE'S PHYSICIANS.

ANNE, who was Queen of England from 1702 to 1714, was not a woman of strong mind, and among other whimsies, she had that of frequently fancying herself indisposed, when no one else could discover that any thing ailed her. One day, a fit of this sort seizing her, she sent in all haste for her physician, who was then Dr. Radcliffe, founder of the Radcliffe Library, Oxford. This functionary replied that he would "be at St. James' presently after." But he not appearing so quickly as was desired, a second and a third messenger were sent after him in succession, whereat the Doctor, well acquainted with the princess (Anne was then Princess of Denmark only), asseverated, in terms more energetic than courtly, that "her highness had nothing but the vapors, that she was in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she but give into the belief of it." This outrageous assertion so greatly offended the princess, that Dr. Radcliffe was

immediately superseded, and Dr. Gibbons, his rival and antagonist, appointed in his place.

It was not until the mortal illness of her husband, Prince George, awoke all the anxieties of the queen, that she consented once again to admit her offending servant to her presence; but the prince's physicians all declaring that Dr. Radcliffe was the only person from whom help could be hoped for, her majesty sent her own coach to bring him to court, and was pleased to tell him that "no favors or rewards should be thought too much, could he but remove the convulsions she was troubled with in the cure of those that were racking the prince." But it was too late—neither had the Doctor yet learned to flatter. He assured her majesty that nothing but death could release his Royal Highness from the pangs he suffered, and gave her further to understand, that there was nothing in the art of physic which could keep her consort in life more than six days from that period. The prince died accordingly, to the deep grief of the queen and her whole court.

The exact fulfillment of Radcliffe's predictions as to the precise moment when his patients would cease to exist, was a subject of frequent surprise, and gave his contemporaries very exalted ideas of his knowledge. The Duchess of Marlborough, applying to him to go to Cambridge for the purpose of visiting her son, the

Marquis of Blandford, who had been improperly treated for the small-pox by the medical men in attendance, Radcliffe replied, with more bitterness against his blundering compeers, than sympathy for the suffering mother—"Madam, I shall only put you to expense for no purpose, for you can do nothing for his lordship now, but send down an undertaker to take care of a funeral, for I can assure your grace that he is dead even by this time, and that of a disease called doctor ; but for which unfortunate malady he might have recovered well enough." Nor were his conjectures unfounded, as was proved by the next messenger.

The death of Queen Anne was almost immediately followed by that of her physician, and this last is said to have been hastened by the vexation Dr. Radcliffe suffered from a report that he had refused to attend the queen in her last illness. It appears that he had never been sent for by the council and authorized attendants of her majesty, but that a message had been sent by Mrs. Masham two hours only before the queen's death. Dr. Radcliffe had received constant reports of her majesty's condition from his friend Dr. Mead, and knew she was irrecoverable. "But had it not been so, the Doctor, says our authority, could not have attended through such an intimation." By court etiquette it would seem that he could not, but the common sense

view of the case would be, that the mere knowing her majesty to be ill was sufficient to warrant his attendance. Leaving these knotty points, however, we return to the fact, which was, that the Doctor's life was so heavily embittered by threatening letters and attacks of various kinds after the queen's death, that he no longer durst stir out of his house, and could have no peace within it. This preyed upon his health, already declining, and, "to conclude, this great and excellent man, who had made all manner of diseases fly before him, fell a victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world, *and the fury of the gout*, on the 1st of November, 1714, the Feast of All Saints: on that day being numbered with the blessed spirits, among whom sits enthroned our late sovereign lady, whose decease has been so injuriously and falsely laid to his charge."





Franklin, del

Davenport, sc.

LIZZIE CARSON.

“LET me draw your chair nearer the window, dear mother; you will be better able to see your knitting, while I can sketch off my pattern on the pane.”

It was a childish and cheerful voice that woke the silence of that little cottage, where mother and daughter had long sat absorbed in their different employments, and it may be in melancholy thought. But Lizzie Carson, though only fourteen, had learned the necessity of subduing her sadness in the presence of her mother, that she might not add one unnecessary pang to the already burdened heart of her beloved and only parent.—My little readers will ask what grief can they have?—if the mother is kind, and the daughter dutiful, and living in a cottage, which must of course be in the country, among the birds and flowers—why should they not be happy? Some of you, whose bright eyes are glancing over these pages, a present among many others perhaps from a fond father, can scarcely understand the many trials of the poverty-stricken and father-

less child. The constant toiling for mere sustenance—the anxious fear that illness may put a stop to their labors, and grim want stare them yet more steadily in the face—these and a thousand other ills, the pampered child of wealth can never know. Oh, if I could by any effort of my pen induce some of you, dear children, to *think* of these things—if I could persuade you how much happier you would feel in giving from your little stores, than in hoarding up all you receive, thereby engendering a selfish disposition—if, I say, I could induce you to be generous to the poor, I should think my time well spent in writing you this little story.

The mother of Lizzie Carson having received a good education from her parents, all they had to give, accepted the situation of teacher in a little village school, which she left to become the wife of John Carson, a small farmer in the neighborhood. Upright and honest, he had yet too little energy, owing to ill health, to succeed in the world, and year after year saw them sliding back instead of becoming more independent.

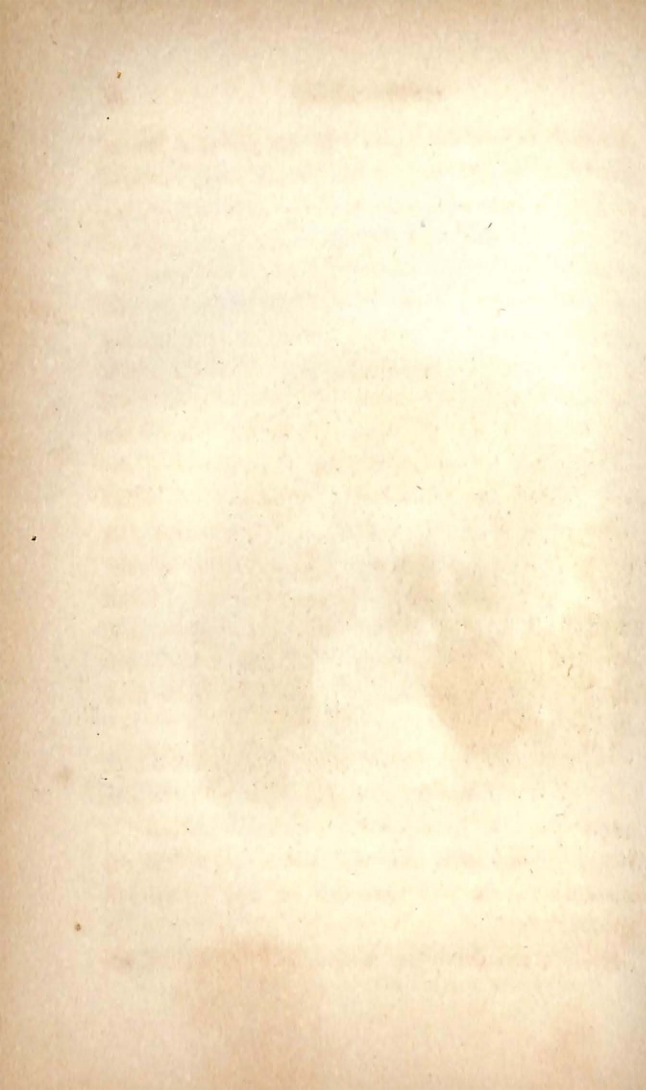
At last, when almost every thing had been sold to pay the rent, distress and anxiety did their work upon the enfeebled frame of the husband and father, and his plain deal coffin was among the last articles borne from the now desolate cottage.

Lizzie was at this time in her twelfth year, and ac-



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customed as she had been from infancy to habits of self-denial, her manners were gentle and serious beyond her years. Deeply grieved at the death of her kind father, she yet strove hard to win back her mother to some degree of cheerfulness; and consulted with her upon their future means of support. It was at last decided that they should rent a room in a cottage not many miles distant from their former residence, where the mother hoped, by means of her needle, to keep themselves from want. But they were to be yet further tried in affliction, for Mrs. Carson, after obtaining work, was taken suddenly ill, and though able in a few weeks to get about the house, the rheumatism had settled in her hands, utterly preventing the use of her needle. Now was she to reap the reward of the religious instruction so carefully bestowed upon her daughter, now was "the bread cast upon the waters" returning "after many days," for Lizzie's noble spirit rose to meet their stern necessities.

"I am young, dear mother, but I am strong, and with God's blessing upon my endeavors, will yet be able to support you. If I could obtain some paper and pencils, I think I could draw patterns for embroidery, and the storekeeper at the next town tells me they are quite in demand."

Mrs. Carson drew her daughter to her bosom, in-

wardly blessing her ; and promised she should have the materials, if they could borrow the requisite pence from their neighbor. This was obtained, and Lizzie soon completed a number of patterns, which she carried to the neighboring town, a distance of three miles. Here she was doomed to a disappointment, for owing to the number of patterns in the store, the woman, though kind-hearted and much interested in the appearance of the little girl, could not afford to give her so large a sum as she had first promised. Bearing up with what spirits she might, Lizzie turned her steps homeward, after purchasing some few necessaries for her mother. But the way seemed very long, and her little feet ached with traveling on the stones, so that it was with a heavy heart that she greeted her mother on her return. Still Lizzie Carson persevered, though her mother's increased debility made severe inroads in her little earnings ; and the evening on which we introduce them to our readers there was not a penny in the house, and they were beside in debt to a neighbor. Had they not cause for sad thoughts ?

“ I think, mother,” said Lizzie, after she had finished her drawing, “ I will take this to the store to-night, and then I can get you some mixture. It distresses me so to hear you coughing when you should be sleeping.”

"Is it not too far? I am afraid it will be dark before you get back—beside there are some heavy clouds in the west."

"Oh, I do not feel the least fear, and you know, mother, there is nothing in the house to eat, and no money to buy with, unless I sell my patterns to-night."

The widow bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and remained silent a few moments,—when she raised it, there was a holy calm upon her face as she replied, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; our prospects look very dark now, my daughter, and we have no earthly friend to turn to, but always remember, my beloved child, when I am no longer here to counsel you, that 'God will never forsake those who trust in Him.'"

Pondering upon her mother's words, the little girl set out upon her errand; but after walking some distance, the clouds, which had been long lowering, broke into a storm—the vivid lightning blinding her eyes so that she was obliged to cover them with her hands. Lizzie stopped and looked around her, in hopes of seeing a place of shelter, but though she could discern a farmhouse, it was at too great a distance to be reached in such a pelting rain. The scene was indeed a fearful one for that lonely child to gaze upon—the trees bending and

creaking with the mighty wind, the forked lightning wreathing around and above her, while the crouching forms of the frightened cattle added terror to the picture.

"God will never forsake those who trust in him," murmured the trembling child, as she sunk on her knees beneath the shelter of a large elm. At that instant came a flash so vivid that the whole heavens seemed in a blaze, and the crashing thunder deafened her for the instant, then rolled echoing away among the distant hills. Stunned and terrified, Lizzie remained for some moments on her knees, her face buried in her lap; and when she gazed once more around her, her heart had well nigh stopped its beatings. Within a few feet of where she had been kneeling, a noble oak was riven by the storm, and a nest of little birds lay dead among its branches—beside a fence at a little distance was the stiffening body of a fine horse—and still further to the right, flames were issuing from the barn belonging to the farmhouse she had seen. All, all around breathed the desolation of the tempest, save that little child, who, with upraised hands and streaming eyes, again repeated, "God will never forsake those who trust in him."

The storm had done its worst—that last peal had broken up its fury, and the sun was already struggling

through the parting clouds, as Lizzie Carson continued her memorable walk. By the time she reached the store, all traces of it had disappeared, and her wet dress was almost dried. A carriage was drawn up before the house, and a richly-dressed lady was standing at the counter, while a benevolent-looking gentleman, apparently her father, leaned upon his cane in the doorway. The storekeeper turned to Lizzie with a smile, remarking, however, "I hope you have not brought me any more patterns; my stock is so large, and the demand for them decreasing."

"Patterns for embroidery—I should like to look at some," said the lady, turning again to the counter.

"Will you please to look at mine, dear madam," said Lizzie earnestly, catching hold of her dress and reaching up one, which the lady took to examine. "Indeed it will be a charity to buy of me, I have walked so far through the storm, and my poor mother has no bread."

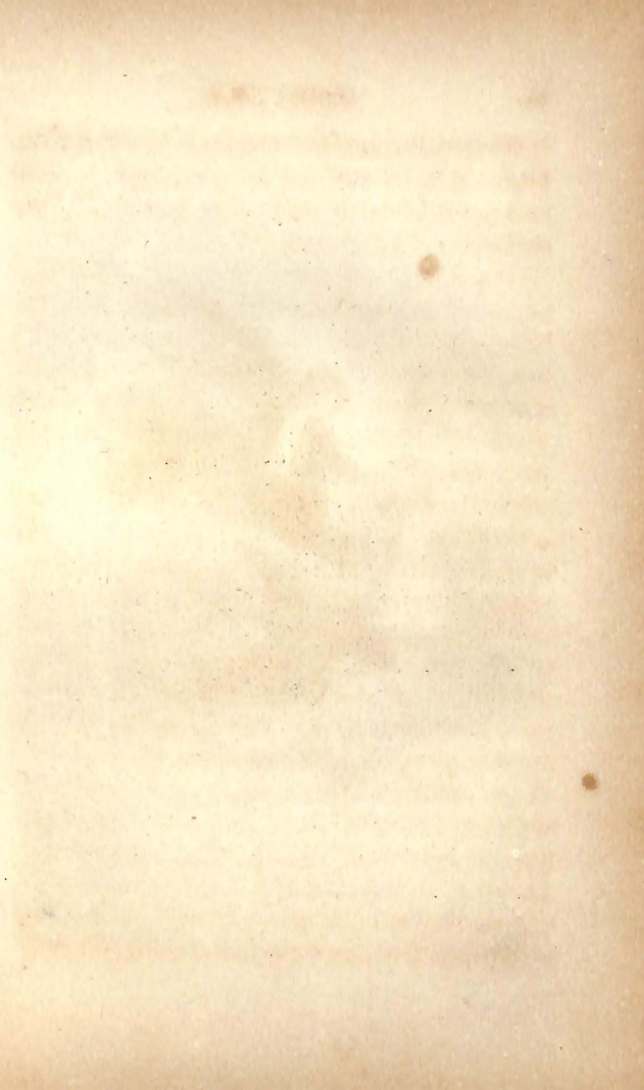
"Walked through this storm! why child, were you not afraid?"

"My mother told me God would protect me, and he did," replied Lizzie, raising her pure innocent eyes to the lady's face.

"Tell me of your mother, sweet child; she deserves assistance for instilling such sentiments in her child."

We must not make our story too long, suffice it that Lizzie and her mother found kind and substantial friends in these strangers, through the piety, industry, and filial obedience of this little girl.

M. G. W—.





NEW-YORK

D. APPLETON & CO. 200 BROADWAY.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure ; the latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather, in spring and summer, with a degree of hilarity which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures which are either given to him for food or use or for adding to his pleasure, if he were so disposed. Instead of which he often exercises a degree of wanton tyranny and cruelty over them, which cannot be too much deprecated, and for which no doubt he will be one day held accountable. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill-treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who

have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread: I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.

Let us take notice of the great variety of creatures which are made for our use; some for labor, some for food, some for clothing, some for pleasure. At the same time let us remember, that our right in these creatures is not absolute; we hold them from God, and he can deprive us of them whenever he sees fit, and whenever we abuse them:—and therefore the Spirit of God has given us this rule: “The merciful man is merciful to his beast.” And whoever abuses any of God’s creatures, or tortures them, or destroys such as are neither hurtful when they are alive, nor of use when they are killed, will have more to answer for than many usually think.

I hope none of you, after reading what I have written above will kill cats, or stone frogs or toads, as many naughty boys do; or rob birds of their nests and little ones, as you see those children in the picture are doing. No matter how much you may like to have the young birds, you should not touch them. Just think

how your parents would feel if some giant, if there were such people, should come and carry you off and shut you up in a cage. Your parents do not love you any more than the birds do their little ones; then remember how they feel when you rob them.

DECEPTION PUNISHED.

THERE was an old woman who lived in the country, and who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was fourteen years old, and the youngest twelve. Their mother was often obliged to go to market to sell the produce of her small farm, and to leave her baby to the care of Anna, her eldest daughter. Anna was old enough to take care of the child, if she had liked the trouble, but that was not the case. As soon as her mother had gone, she placed the little creature in the cradle, and told Mary to sit by it for a minute or two, and she would return directly; but she seldom came back, till she heard old Dobbin trotting down the lane, and then she ran in, and, if her sister had the baby on her lap, snatched it up in her arms, so that her mother might think she had not left it.

Little Mary never told tales of her sister, though her mother was sometimes angry that she had not finished her task of knitting; and she could not help it, for the baby often cried, and would not stay in the cradle, and



Mary was obliged to hold it on her lap all the time her mother was away.

One morning, the good woman was making ready to go to market, and as she had a great deal to do, she said that she should not return so soon as usual. So she put some food for the baby by the fire, to keep it warm, and told Anna to be careful to feed it if it cried, and to sing it to sleep. But Anna had something to do that she liked better. So away she went, and Mary hardly knew what to do; for the baby did nothing but cry. It was crying when the naughty girl put it into the cradle, and left it, but she did not trouble her head about the matter.

Poor Mary warmed the food, and then took the child upon her lap, and fed it as well as she was able, and as she had seen her mother do. At last it became quiet, and Mary began to sing lullaby with such a sweet little voice, that it fell fast asleep.

I do not think you will be sorry to hear that Anna's naughtiness was now discovered. Her mother had forgotten something which she was to have taken with her; so instead of staying longer than usual, she came back half an hour sooner. She was much surprised to find Mary alone with the baby. Anna was not to be found, though she called and inquired for her all round the house; but she soon heard from her neighbors that

this was the way she always did. So her mother, as she was of no use to her, sent her to a farmer's house, where she could not play any of her tricks, but was made to work very hard ; and Mary, as she grew older, became every year more useful, and lived very happy with her mother and the little baby.



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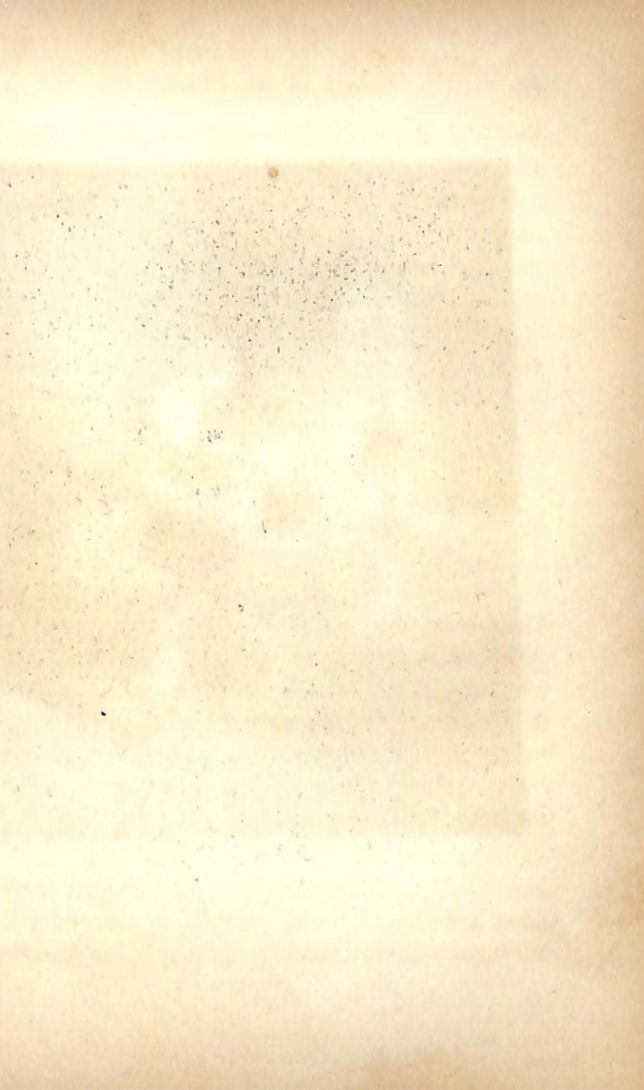
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A GENTLEMAN of Marseilles, named Remonsat, shortly before his death, desired that his numerous family might be assembled about his bed. As he was now an old man, he had children who had been long married and who now had children of their own. There were sons and daughters who were married, and who had two daughters, and one son about nine years old, who was so much of a cripple as to be obliged to walk with a crutch. The old gentleman acknowledged the delight which his children had afforded him by their affection and attachment, and especially for the tender love which they bore to one another. "But," continued he, "I have a secret to disclose, which will remove one of you from this circle. So long as I had any hopes of living I kept it from you, but I dare not violate your rights in the division of the property which I leave you. One of you is only an adopted child—the child of the nurse at whose breast my own child died. Shall I name that

child?" "No, no," said they with one accord, "let us all continue to be brothers and sisters."

What a noble and beautiful example of disinterestedness! How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." How many of my readers do you think would have acted towards their brothers and sisters in the same way?

It is related by St. Jerome, that "the blessed apostle John, living at Ephesus to extreme old age, was with difficulty carried to church in the arms of his disciples, and being unable to make a long discourse, every time they assembled, was wont to say nothing but this: 'Little children, love one another.' At length, the disciples and brethren who attended, tired of hearing so often the same thing, said, 'Sir, why do you always say this?' Who then made this answer, worthy of himself: 'Because it is the Lord's command; and if that alone be done, it is sufficient.'"





THE GERALDINES.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSECUTION BY HENRY THE EIGHTH.

AMONG the many acts of severity practised against his nobles by Henry VIII, few are more remarkable than the terrible persecution suffered by Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and his unhappy family. This nobleman, whose second wife, Lady Elizabeth Grey, was a daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and first cousin to the king, was for some time favored at court, and had been made Lord Deputy of Ireland; but the country being much disturbed, he was summoned to answer for this before the king in council, and proceeded to London, leaving his eldest son to administer the Irish affairs in his absence.

But on reaching the court, Fitzgerald was committed to the Tower; and his son, exasperated by a false report of his father's being beheaded, broke into open rebellion. Succeeding for a short time, but afterwards reduced to difficulty, Thomas Fitzgerald received a promise of

pardon; and confiding in this, he surrendered himself to Lord Leonard Grey, brother of his step-mother, the Countess of Kildare. His five uncles, who had taken part with him in the rebellion, also submitted, and the whole six were conveyed to London; but in spite of the remonstrances of Lord Leonard Grey, who declared his honor pledged for their safety, they were all hanged at Tyburn.

The Earl, worn down by these heavy sorrows, died in the Tower; an attainder was issued against him (after his death), and his lands and goods declared forfeited to the crown. Not content with this cruel injustice, the king sought by all means to get into his power the young heir of this unhappy house, Gerald Fitzgerald, then not more than twelve years old; but his evil designs were frustrated by the zeal and affection of the martyred earl's foster-brother, a priest named Leverous, to whom the boy had been confided for education. When this good man received notice that the brother and uncles of his ward had been sent to England, he became fearful for the young Gerald's safety; the child was then lying ill of the small-pox, but intrusting the care of his nursling to no arm less zealous than his own, he wrapped him up warmly, and as carefully as he could, and carried him by night to the house of his sister, where he was nursed in conceal-

ment till quite recovered. But, justly judging that the child would not be safe with any one known to be connected, however humbly, with his own family, the good priest removed him successively into the territories of two or three different Irish chieftains, by whom he was sheltered for nearly twelve months; after this he contrived to place the boy in the protection of his aunt, the Lady Eleanor, widow of a chieftain named Macarty Reagh. Now this lady had been long sought in marriage by O'Donnel, lord of Tyrconnel, whom she had hitherto refused; but hoping to secure an efficient protector for her nephew, she now consented to an immediate marriage, and taking Gerald with her to her new home in Donegal, she hoped he would here remain in safety.

The devoted Leverous had refused to leave his charge even in care so seemingly unexceptionable as this; and the king, having ordered a large reward to be offered for the boy, O'Donnel was soon discovered by this watchful guardian to be meditating the baseness of delivering the orphan into Henry's hands. Seeking the Lady Eleanor, Leverous unfolded this intended villany, and causing Gerald to assume a sufficient disguise, his aunt gave him what money she could gather in haste, and shipped him at once with his tutor and another old servant of his father's, in a vessel bound to

St. Malo, in Brittany. The safety of the boy thus secured, she next sought her husband, and bidding him remember that her interest in this child had been the sole cause of her marriage with him, she declared that all future intercourse with a man who had so basely broken his promise, and that for so mercenary a motive, was impossible, and gathering her possessions together, she departed to her own country. Gerald meanwhile had been well received by the King of France; but Sir John Wallop, the English ambassador, having demanded him in the name of King Henry, the French king took time to consider; and Leverous, fearing the result, again bore his charge from the threatening danger, and took refuge with him in Flanders, in the house of a cottager, whose daughter waited upon Gerald with the utmost kindness. They had not been long here before it was perceived that their every step was dogged by an Irish servant of Sir John Wallop. The governor of Valenciennes, befriending the orphan, threw this man into prison; but he was liberated by the generous intercession of the youth whom he had sought to betray, and Gerald reached the Emperor's court at Brussels without farther molestation.

He was here again demanded by the English ambassador, but the Emperor excused himself on the plea that Gerald's youth sufficiently attested his innocence,

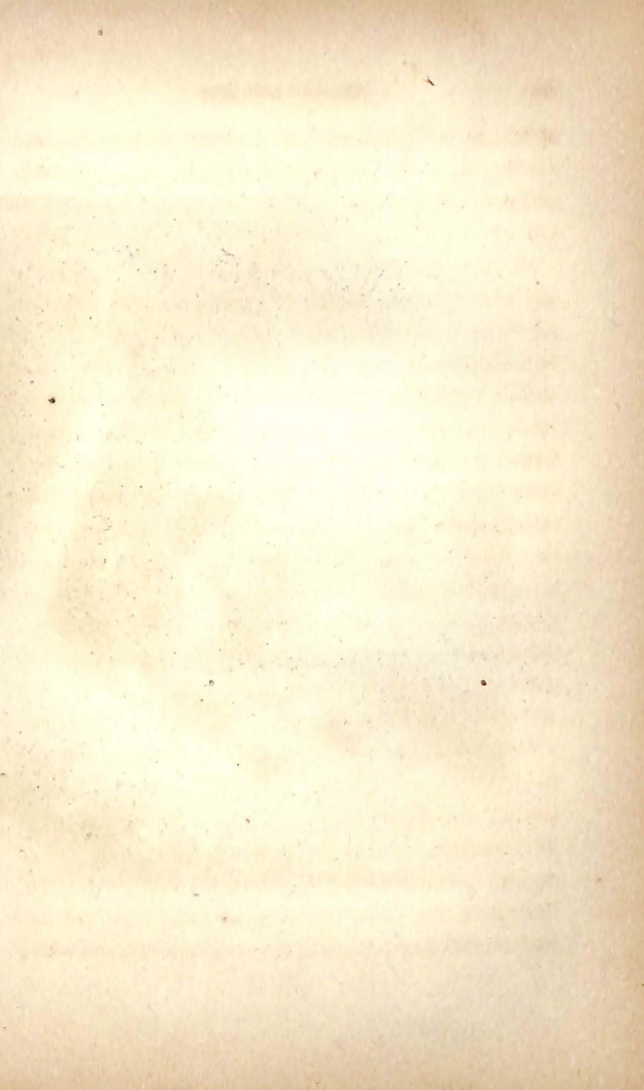
and sent him privately to the Bishop of Liege, with a pension of one hundred crowns a month. Here he remained in comfort and safety for six months, when Cardinal Pole, his mother's kinsman, invited him into Italy, and, allowing him an annuity, placed him first with the Bishop of Verona, and afterwards with the Duke of Mantua; but would not admit him to his own presence until he had first acquired the Italian language, an extraordinary condition, the Cardinal's English parentage considered.

This accomplished, however, the Cardinal summoned his young kinsman to Rome, and had him instructed, under his own eye, in all the accomplishments then required to constitute the finished gentleman. At the age of nineteen, his generous patron permitted him to choose between continuing his studies or traveling for adventures, as was then the custom. Gerald chose the latter, and falling in with some knights of Rhodes, he joined them in the fierce wars they were then waging against "the Turks and miscreants."

Returning to Rome laden with rich booty, "proud was the Cardinal to hear of his exploits," and proud also we may be sure was another priest; for the faithful Leverous still clung to the fortunes of the child he had saved. Soon after this "fighting with Turks and miscreants," the Cardinal having increased the pension

of Gerald to £300 a year (a very large income in those days), permitted him to enter the service of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, with whom he remained three years as master of the horse ; a very honorable appointment.

His exile at length terminated by the death of Henry. Gerald Fitzgerald proceeded to London, still accompanied by his attached Leverous. Appearing at King Edward's court, he saw the daughter of Sir Anthony Brown at a ball, and afterwards marrying this lady, her family procured the restitution of a part of his estates from the king, who also knighted him. Under Mary he was restored to all the titles and honors of his house, all which, and the prosperity of his middle life, was witnessed by the happy Leverous, who died at a good old age under the roof of his grateful pupil, by whom he was ever honored as a father. The Earl himself lived till far into the reign of Elizabeth, closing his life peacefully in the year 1585.





FAITHFUL FIDO.

“WHAT shall I do,” said a very little dog one day to his mother, “to show my gratitude to our good master? I cannot draw, or carry burthens for him like the horse; nor give him milk like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs like the poultry; nor catch rats and mice as well as the cat.

“I cannot divert him with singing like the linnets and canaries; nor can I defend him against robbers like the great dog Towzer. I should not be fit to be eaten, even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; I don’t see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to my master’s regard.” So saying the poor little dog hung down his head.

“My dear child,” replied his mother, “though your abilities are but small, your good will entitles you to regard. Love your master dearly, and show him that you love him, and you will not fail to please him.”

The little dog was comforted, and the next time he saw his master, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking at him in the most affectionate manner. The master observed him.

“Ha! little Fido,” said he, “you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!”—and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

Fido was now his master’s companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows, as they were stealing the chickens’ meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at the strange pigs, and other animals, which offered to come into the yard.

He kept the poultry and pigs from straying, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it; for this faithful care of his master’s property, he was esteemed very much.

He was soon able to render a more important ser-

vice. One hot day after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer house, with Fido by his side; the building was old, and the watchful dog perceived the walls shake, and the pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling.

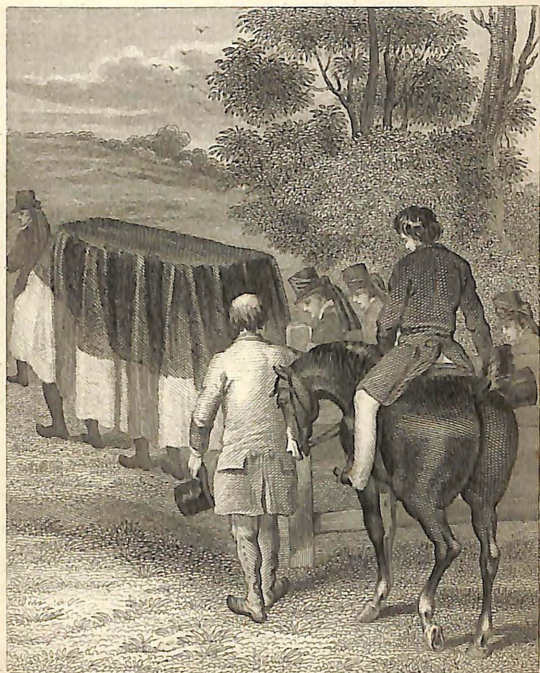
He saw the danger, and began barking, to awake his master; this was not sufficient, so he jumped up and bit his finger. The master upon this started up, and had just time to get out of the door, before the whole building fell.

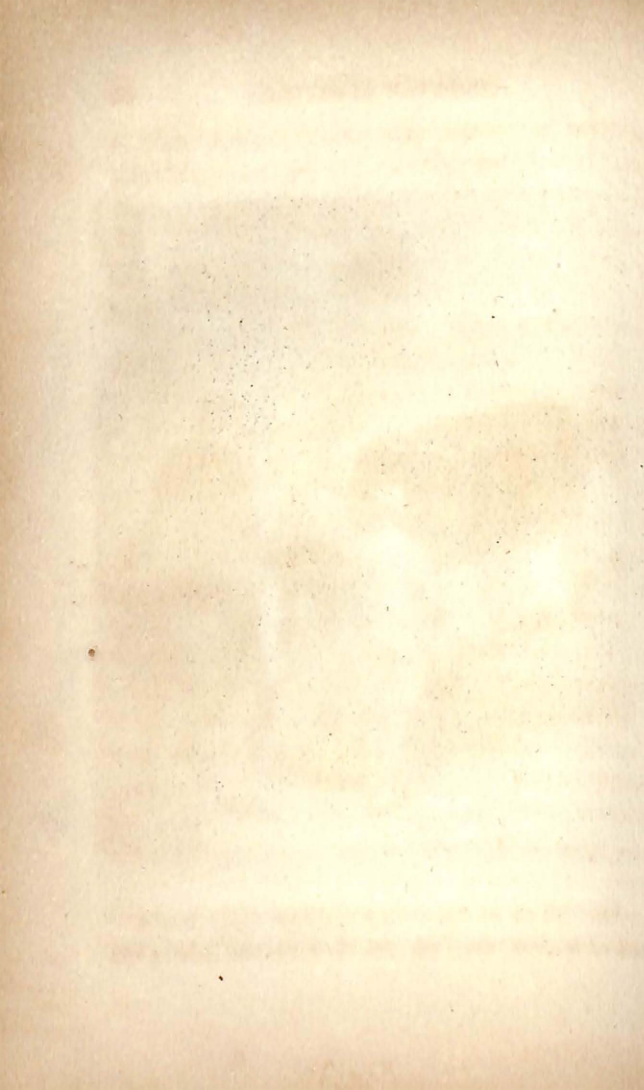
Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of, with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged the little animal as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their reward.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

MRS. CLIFFORD being particularly satisfied with the attention that her three children, Alfred, Robert, and Helen, had for some time past paid to their lessons, and to the instructions of their masters, told them that she would treat them with a charming walk in the wood, on the opposite side of the river; and that if they would carry some bread or biscuit with them, she thought they would have no difficulty in finding a house where they might procure some milk. So instead of returning home to drink tea, she would spend the whole afternoon and evening in rambling about with them.

This was charming news for the young folks, who took care not to give her the trouble of waiting for them, for they were all three ready at least half an hour before the time she had appointed for their departure. The moment Mrs. Clifford joined them in the hall, away they all went, with joyful hearts and cheerful faces, through the field and down the long lane, which led to the ferry.





"This is very pleasant, mother," said Alfred: "I think I should never be tired of walking in the fields and woods; yet, I must own, I do long for winter, that we may purchase the magic lantern we are to have. I think, with the money grandpapa has given each of us, and what we had before in our purses, we shall be able to have a very large one."

"O dear!" exclaimed Helen, "how delightful it will be to see it as often as we please, and to show it to our friends; and, mother, do you know that Robert is to be the person to show it; for, he says, he can talk just like the man who came to our house last year?"

"So I can," answered Robert, "and I wish it were bought, that you might hear what a long story I shall tell you about the sun and the moon; and the King of Prussia and his huzzars; and the cat and the cook! I would rather have a magic lantern, than any thing in the whole world!"

Chatting in this manner, and amusing themselves by looking at different objects as they passed along, they found themselves at the ferry before they expected it. The boat being just ready to put off, they stepped into it, and seated themselves with several others, who were going over to the other side of the river.

Their attention was very soon drawn to a poor woman, who, with an infant on her knee, and a little boy

and girl by her side, whom she frequently kissed and pressed to her bosom, wept as if her heart would break. As soon as they landed, Mrs. Clifford, stopping the woman, kindly inquired into the cause of her distress; and was informed by her, that she had lately lost her husband, who having been long in a state of ill health and unable to work, had left her incumbered with several debts, which she had not the means of paying; and that though she labored very hard, and had discharged some of the small debts, a hard-hearted man, to whom she owed six dollars, declaring he would not wait a day longer, had that morning seized upon her furniture, and all her little property. He was determined, he said, to have his money before six o'clock, or to turn her and her children out to sleep in the high road, or where they thought fit.

She had been, she told Mrs. Clifford, to an uncle of her husband who lived at the market town, begging him to take pity upon her and her innocent children; "but madam," added she, "he was deaf to my entreaties, and turned me from his door; and I am now going home to see all my things taken from me; and what will become of us this night, God alone can tell!"

Mrs. Clifford was extremely affected by this melancholy tale, and walked with the poor woman to her

cottage, where they really found two ill-looking men taking down the bed, and packing up the furniture. The woman began to wring her hands and cry bitterly ; and the children, though they did not understand what the men were going to do, clung to their mother and would not move from her side.

Alfred, Robert, and Helen, were however old enough to understand perfectly well the distress of the poor woman, and the misery and wretchedness to which she and her helpless children were exposed ; and fortunately for her, their tender and compassionate hearts immediately prompted them to endeavor to relieve her. The pleasure they had promised themselves in purchasing a magic lantern, and in being in possession of such an amusement for the long evenings of the approaching winter, appeared to them very trifling, in comparison to the delight of snatching this poor family out of the hands of the unfeeling people they had to deal with ; and leading their mamma into the little garden, they earnestly entreated her to take the three dollars their grandpapa had given them, as well as the contents of their purses, and employ the whole to relieve the poor woman ; and farther, they begged her, in the most pressing manner, to make up the deficiency.

Mrs. Clifford was delighted with the idea, expressing the greatest satisfaction at the resolution they had taken.

She assured them that she would make up the sum with the greatest pleasure, and that the proof they now gave of their feeling and humanity made them dearer to her than ever; adding, that she was certain twenty-four hours would not pass before they were rewarded for their goodness.

The men were immediately stopped, the debt was discharged, and the furniture replaced in proper order. The poor woman knew not how to express her joy and gratitude. She scarcely knew what she was doing, but, at length recollecting herself, she entreated Mrs. Clifford and her children to be seated, and accept of such refreshment as she had to offer them. Her little table was soon covered with a cloth as white as snow; and fresh milk, eggs, butter, and a nice brown loaf were set before them, of which they partook with great satisfaction.

They did not quit this little family till a late hour, and could talk of nothing on their way home but the pleasure they felt in the reflection of having left them so happy; of how they had been delighted, when they saw the two hard-hearted men walk out of the cottage, and how differently the poor woman and her children would pass the night, to what they might have expected. Alfred said, the good action they had done that afternoon, would be the pleasantest thing they



could have to talk of in the winter evenings ; and Robert was of opinion, that a visit now and then to the cottage would afford prettier stories for him to repeat, than any thing he could tell of the King of Prussia and his hussars. As for Helen, she declared that her heart was so light, and she felt herself so happy and joyful, that she could almost jump over the moon.

They retired to rest in this pleasant disposition ; and they told their mamma, the next morning, that they had never been so happy in their lives ; that they went to bed, thinking on the good they had done, and, after thanking God, who had given them the means of doing it, they had immediately fallen into a sweet sleep ; that the moment they awoke, they had found themselves in the same happy humor, pleased with themselves, and with every body they saw. They were very well convinced that the magic lantern could never have procured them one quarter of the pleasure which they now felt, and which would be renewed every time they visited the poor woman at the cottage, and whenever they recollected her story.

“ I told you, my children,” said Mrs Clifford, “ that four-and-twenty hours would not pass before you would be rewarded ; and you must now, I am certain, be well convinced, that the heart-felt pleasure arising from the reflection upon such an act of kindness and benevo-

lence to a fellow-creature in distress, is the greatest and most solid reward that could possibly have been bestowed on you ; far superior to, and more lasting than any satisfaction you could have procured by laying out your money in any other way."





DANGER OF COQUETRY.

It is no less strange than true, that, however intimate friends of the same sex may be, there is ever a disposition to assume a certain air, as it were, of patronage on one or the other part; and without any serious intention of committing malicious injury, great mischief may ensue, from the foolish belief of one that he or she could (if they would) alter the fate of the other in peace or war, love or hate, business or idleness.

Christina Smith had, from her earliest youth, entertained a warm affection for her old playmate and schoolmate, Katharine Wing. Both were "lovely in their lives," though very little resemblant in their separate attractions. Christina was slender, moderately tall, with regular features, but with a pallor of complexion, that, while it indicated great delicacy and sensibility, intimated also to the beholder of her charms, that she held them with but a slight tenure. Katharine, on the contrary, was ruddy-cheeked, plump, and looked altogether like one that could laugh the world to scorn—

laugh at every body and every thing, and being possessed of excellent health, ought to have an imperturbable good temper. All this she, in reality, possessed, but in addition—as Nature has ordained that perfection shall never centre in an individual—she had a spirit of coquetry—innocent coquetry she imagined it to be—which cast a shadow over her otherwise fair character and accomplishments.

Christina was, as every young lady of eighteen imagines herself to be, in love and beloved. Alas! that time should tell us how cruelly deceived and deceiving we are! Her lover was a young Irishman, “ardent as the sun”—importunate with billet-doux, anxious for reunions—waiting with eager impatience for the happy time when, his diploma and his majority obtained, he might offer himself, body and soul, to his true love, who equally doted on him.

As a matter of course, Katharine was well advised of all this most momentous history—gave her opinion on every separate step of its progress—was understood to be the confidante of her friend as it advanced, and the bridesmaid when completed. Who would not have anticipated a hearty co-operation from the playmate of infancy, the companion of youth? Alas! the wild ambition of patronage is stronger than friendship, the spirit of coquetry is superior to love!

“The course of true love never does run smooth.”

So sayeth Shakspeare, and so have all found it who have indulged in the seducing, uncertain passion. A slight expostulation with the young man as to his habits, which were somewhat irregular—as the habits of students in this and in most countries generally are—produced a lovers’ quarrel, and they parted with strong protestations *of the lips* that they should meet no more. No sooner had separation taken place, than cool reflection came to both. Each most bitterly regretted what had been said in haste, but neither was willing to be the first to say *peccavi*. In this emergency Christina bethought her to call on her dear friend, consult her, and derive what consolation she could from her advice and good wishes.

Accustomed to enter unhesitatingly into the house in which Katharine lived with her aunt, she passed up stairs to her boudoir without alarming any of the inmates or attendants, and sat down waiting for her approach. Half an hour had elapsed, when her attention was arrested by the noise of voices in earnest conversation on the stairs. Satisfied that one party was her quondam lover, she hastily concealed herself behind the curtain which veiled the balcony, and she had no sooner done so than she beheld her dear friend Kate and her

beloved John enter. Entertaining a sincere esteem for, and having unlimited confidence in, her old companion, she at first believed that, having heard of the dispute between them, she had sent for her lover, and would eventually do so for herself, that she might interpose her kind offices between them. But what was her horror and dismay when she distinctly heard words of love on the one hand and of encouragement on the other, interchanged between them! Grieved to the heart, smitten as a "bruised reed" did she remain—motionless, though not tearless, behind that curtain—till after having become the involuntary witness of many endearments, sweet to the false-hearted, but bitter to her, her former lover took his leave.

Pale as death, yet calm and steady in her gait, did Christina emerge from behind the friendly shade, and appear before the astonished gaze of her whom she had always called *friend*. One short moment they stood with their eyes fixed on each other—the next, Katharine, stung by remorse, and bowed down by shame, was at the feet of her whom she had so cruelly deceived. "Forgive me, oh forgive me!" she most piteously exclaimed, "indeed I meant no harm by what I said to him and allowed him to protest to me—I merely meant to show you that I could wean the affections of any young man from yourself or any other, without the

slightest intention of appropriating them to myself. I really believe that he yet sincerely loves you—allow me to be the happy instrument to bring about such a blessed result.”

“Never, no—no—never!” replied Christina. “You I can forgive—I thank God for it!—but I can never forget. How could I ever wed with one who had, by reason of a slight quarrel, declared his love to another, with vows and endearments, though unwittingly to him, in my very presence? It may not, cannot be—farewell, dear Kate! May you and he be happy! I pray God to bless you both—I bear to neither of you any ill-will—farewell!”

Crushed to the dust, deeply, though too late, repentant, Katharine long remained, till roused by the re-entrance of him for whom (in the thoughtless, but dangerous spirit of coquetry) she had sacrificed her dearest friend. Mutual criminations and recriminations took place, and they parted with a hearty dislike for each other.

Christina, in the following year, engaged another of her friends to be her bridesmaid, and now, with a young Kentuckian husband, resides in the far west, blessed with a cheerful home, and with “two young babes,” as she expressed herself in a letter to a female friend of ours, “so exquisitely beautiful, that all Kentucky cannot show the like—little angels in fact.”

Katharine still lives, changeable, discontented, coquettish, angry with herself, and at times repentant, yet without any real change. She is still beautiful, though an air of chagrin and peevishness has somewhat marred the expression of her formerly laughing visage. There is no apparent hope for her.

He, the fickle one, whom Christina so luckily avoided marrying, is now a worthless drunkard, degraded in his own opinion and in the opinion of others—utterly irreclaimable.

W. V. H.

PUSSY-HOOD.

Pussy with the large gray eyes,
In whose orb, a cunning lies
Deep as the blue in yonder skies ;

'Thou whose back outshines the sun,
Sable hairs all smoothed in one,
As if by loving hands 'twere done.

Wetting thy reluctant feet,
To gain a dainty piece of meat,
Knowing that stolen food is sweet.

Gazing with ensnaring glance,
On the pigeon's swift advance,
Which by thy look thou dost entrance.

Oh, why pause with indecision,
When the young bird before thy vision
Beckons thee on to meals Elysian ?

Hearest thou sounds beneath the floor?
Say, knowest thou those sounds of yore,
And mouse than pigeon lovest thou more?

Oh thou cat with many hairs,
And many lives, each life has snares,
Care* and dogs come unawares.

Bear thou many a sharpen'd claw,
Often dog, with strongest paw,
From thy clutch would fain withdraw.

Oh, those claws like pins shall steal,
Making wounds that will not heal—
Alas for those their power that feel.

And oh, those claws of thine oft dart
Into the most tender part,
For a treacherous thing thou art.

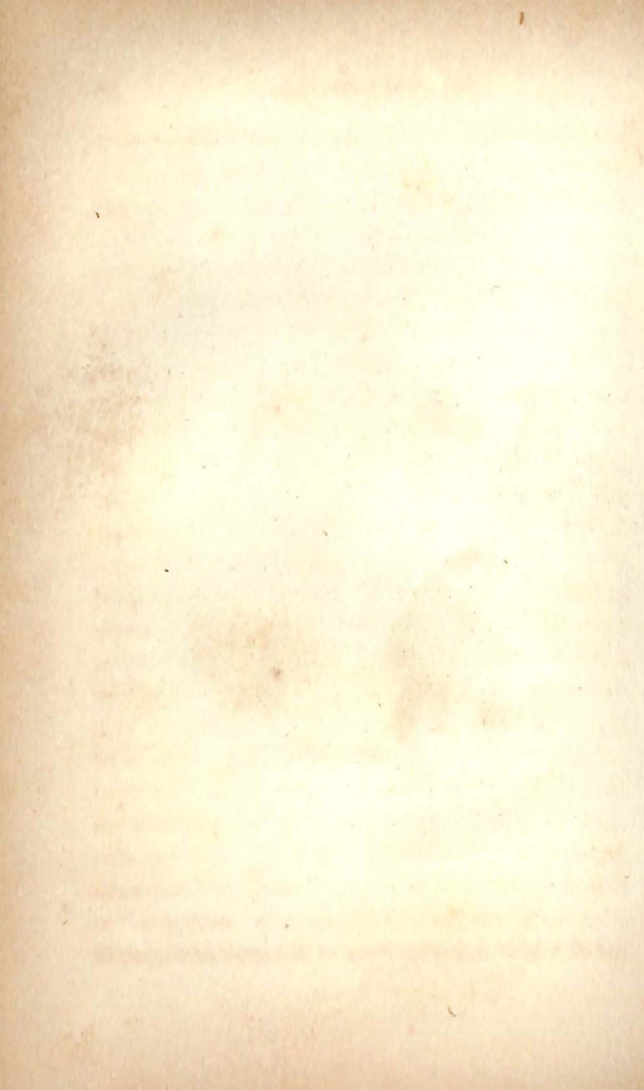
P.

* Care killed a cat.



Little Harry feeding his Rabbits

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON & CO
200 BROADWAY



HARRY AND HIS RABBITS.

THE care with which a doe rabbit provides for its young is very remarkable. She not only makes a nest of the softest hay, from which she carefully munches out all the harder portions, but she actually strips the fur or down off her own breast, to spread over the hay. At first she covers up her young ones with the same materials, in order to keep them warm, uncovering them only for the purpose of giving them suck. She is also extremely careful in proportioning this covering to the severity of the weather, and the tenderness or strength of her offspring, gradually diminishing it as they grow more robust.

If rabbits are kept and raised apart from their mother, it is then necessary that proper attention should be paid to them by the person who undertakes to raise them. That is the reason why you see little Harry feeding his rabbits. Little Harry is the only son of a poor woman who lives in a small cottage at the end of a lane on a large farm in this state belonging to

a wealthy and thriving farmer. Although the farmer is very kind to Harry's mother, allowing her to have the use of the cottage and an acre of ground free of rent, still the old woman has hard work to live comfortably. Knowing the advantages to be derived from the possession of a good education, she deprives herself of many comforts to enable her to send her only child, Harry, to school. Many of my little readers who peruse this, go to excellent schools, and never imagine that there are many who are deprived of that great advantage. When they think of this, and the opportunities they enjoy for improving themselves, they should exert themselves to the utmost to do so.

Harry being anxious to learn every thing he could, so that he might one day become a smart man, and be able to support his mother, never spent a cent for himself, but carried all he got to his mother. Perhaps you may think a poor little boy like him did not get many cents; but in this you are mistaken, for Harry was up bright and early every morning, and would often do little jobs for the farmers before he went to school. Then he had rabbit houses at the end of his mother's cottage, where he kept a number of rabbits, which often had young ones; these he would take to market and sell for a good price. He raised a good many poultry, which brought in a good deal of money for the

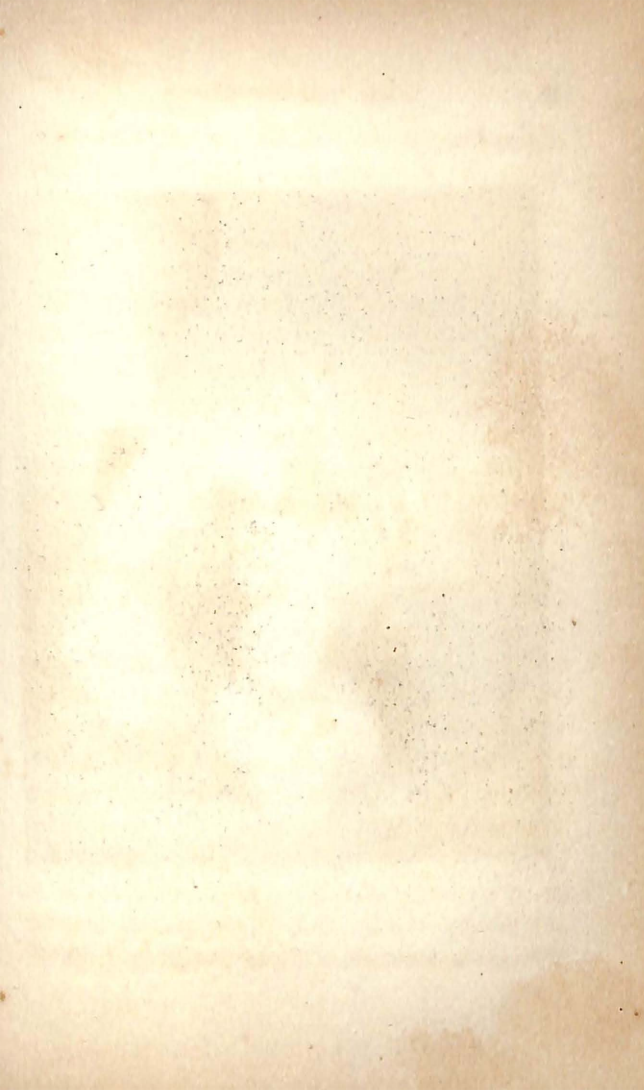
eggs and chickens. With these and other little matters that he raised on their acre of ground, he was enabled to collect enough money to pay for his schooling, and give his mother many comforts.

I hope all my readers will join with me in wishing Harry's efforts may be successful, and that they may reap that reward which industry and kindness to parents deserve.

W. P.

THE SHIPWRECKED ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

IN the year 1805, a large ship, on the voyage homeward from the East Indies, was wrecked in a violent storm in the South Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. The ship went to pieces in the night, having struck on the rocky coast of an unknown island. When daylight appeared, 37 persons only remained out of about 200, who had been in the ship. These had been, for the most part, saved by seizing hold of spars or pieces of wood when the ship's timbers separated. A woman and her two children got safe to shore on a hen-coop; indeed they were wrecked so near the shore, that the fowls in the hen-coop were found to be little worse for having been thrown into the sea. Part of a regiment, which had been some time in India, was returning to England in the ship, and some of the soldiers and their wives and children were among those who were saved. The ship's cook and the carpenter were also saved, and some





of the common sailors, but none of the officers of the ship, or those belonging to the regiment, were among the survivors. Only one of the many passengers had the good fortune to get to shore; and he had saved his life by being a strong swimmer. His name and station were unknown to the crew, but he had gained among them, during the voyage, the name of *the Philosopher*.

The first day which this small remainder of the ship's crew passed on the island, on which Providence had thrown them, was melancholy enough. Most of them sat on the rocks or on the ground, and kept looking on the sea from which they had so lately escaped. Some were bewailing the loss of their relatives, some that of their money, and others that of their ship's provisions; they were cold, and wet, and comfortless, and yet disposed to do nothing to better their condition.

Amidst this general idleness, the Philosopher, as he was called, was as busy as a bee. Instead of sauntering about with a book, or gazing at the clouds, as he had often done on board the ship, he was hurrying along the shore in all directions, with such of the men as he could persuade to move, and examining every little creek and bay about the part of the island on which they were cast away. And he was well rewarded for his trouble, for the sea threw upon the land

all the lighter part of the cargo of the lost ship ; provisions in sufficient abundance, some boxes of clothes, many chests of tea, some casks of flour, and large portions of the timbers and ropes of the vessel. In a small sandy creek, about a quarter of a mile distant from the wreck, one of the ship's boats was found, upside down, and in it, preserved by being covered down tightly with a sail, were found a compass, a watch, and a few bottles of wine, with some biscuit, which had probably been put in for the use of the unfortunate persons who had ventured into the boat in the hope of reaching the land. A few yards farther on was found the dead body of a lady, one of the passengers from India, and by her side, wrapped closely and very carefully in a Scotch plaid, a male child of about a year old, which was first supposed to be dead also ; but the Philosopher, fancying he perceived signs of life in the little creature, hurried back with the infant to the party who had refused to move, and gave it in charge to the women, which soon made them busy, for in the midst of their own misfortunes they were all anxious that the poor little child should live.

Before the day was over, many of the dead bodies were thrown ashore, and all were decently buried. Many of the drowned persons had filled their pockets with money, trinkets, and different valuables which

they possessed. The hope of sharing this booty soon spread activity among all the other idlers, and the recovered property was pretty equally divided among them all; the Philosopher alone refusing to receive any of the money or valuables, and only reserving for his own use the compass, one of the watches, some of the books, with the paper and other contents of his writing-desk, which floated ashore after they had been on the island nearly a week. The spirits of the whole party being a little revived, they made fires, partook of an evening meal, and retired to rest in sheltered places under the hills, much more cheerfully than might have been expected in their situation.

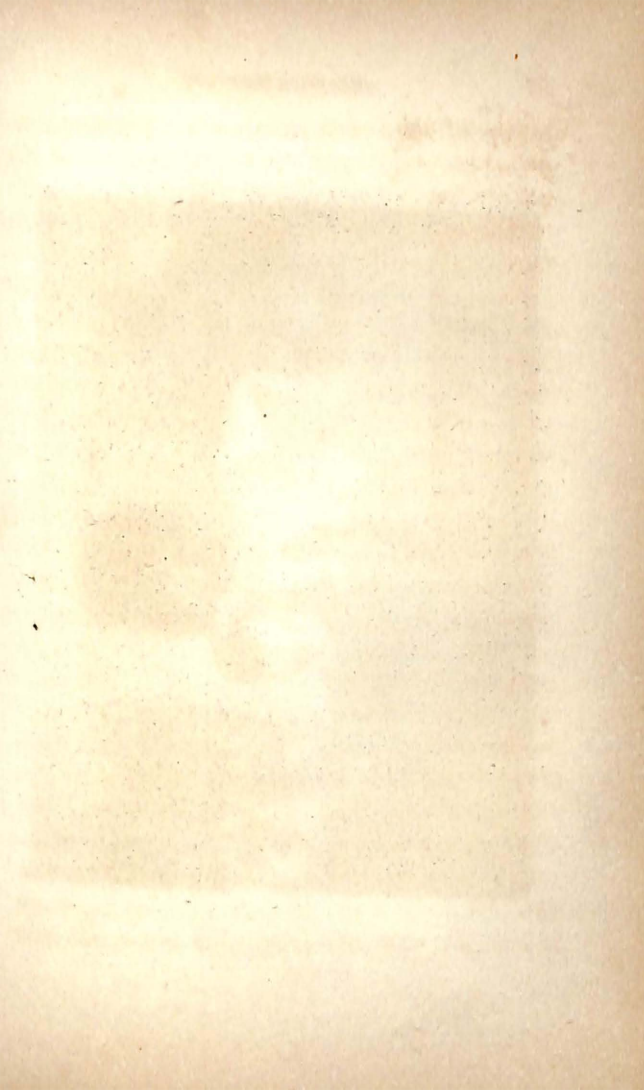
It would be curious to relate the contrivances which the new inhabitants of the island had recourse to for their own comfort. The island was of a crescent shape, like most islands in the South Sea, and was five miles across and six in length, with a large and beautiful harbor. There was grass, and there were shrubs, and many beautiful and delicate trees, and flocks of wild pigeons and other birds, and many butterflies and other insects, but no quadrupeds of any kind.

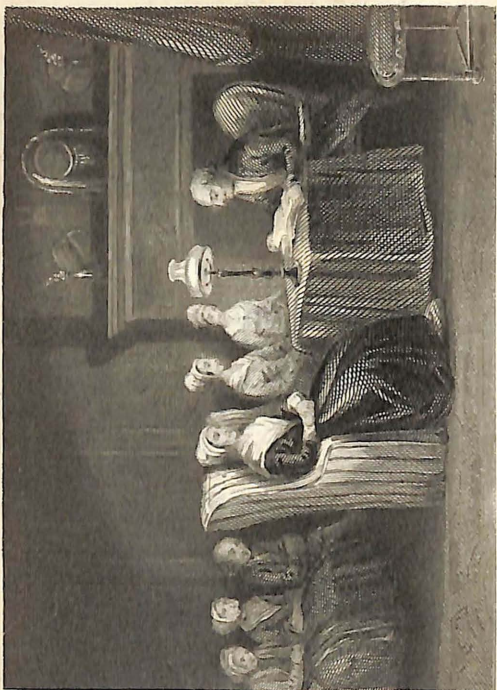
Those who have read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, know how much even one man might do in a desolate island, with the help of the stores of a ship, and with a gun and ammunition. Our shipwrecked

people had many advantages over him. Some of the sailors had been brought up farmers' boys, three of the soldiers were Glasgow weavers, the carpenter and the cook soon found plenty to do, and the women were tailors to the whole settlement.

In six months from the time of their landing, corn and potatoes were growing, hand-mills were working, women were spinning and teaching their children the same, and there were two looms nearly made by the ship's carpenter, under the direction of the Glasgow weavers. Flowers were seen at the doors of several of the huts, and some parts of the island were inclosed with shrubs and trees. Women might be seen spinning and teaching their children how to do the same. Within six months more, the population of the island was increased by the birth of four children.

Every man at first worked at every thing; and the same man dug his ground, caught his wild-fowl, gathered the eggs from the nests in the rocks, and repaired his house when necessary. In short, every man was what we call a jack-of-all-trades, and as happens commonly in such cases, hardly any was master of one. But when the first clothes which they had got from the ship were almost worn out, and every man tried to patch and mend his own, they began to think it would be better if one or two of the party should take that





business into their own hands, and it was then given up to the women. When the looms were set to work, the two weavers were chiefly employed in making a coarse kind of cloth from a sort of hemp which grew on the island, from which, after it was steeped in water and beaten with sticks, a strong thread could be spun. Of this cloth, of various thicknesses, they helped the women to make coats and gowns, boots and shoes, and stockings. They made hats of a strong flat rush which grew on the sand-hills near the sea. This work took up so much of their time that the land of the two weavers was overrun with weeds, and it was found better for them to give up their farm to a neighbor, who should be paid for the produce in boots, coats, and money. The carpenter also was but a poor farmer, and his crop failed. So he gave up farming, and worked away at building houses, and making tables, and chairs, and bedsteads, receiving payment in potatoes, corn, wild-fowls, eggs, or sometimes in money. In the course of two or three years, some were bakers only, some poulterers, some potato merchants, and only about half of the company were farmers; of which the consequence was the land was better tilled, the corn better ground and baked, the fowls better fed, eggs more easily to be had, the potatoes better, and the huts kept in better repair. Each man had a trade of his

own, and each knew his trade pretty well. Each man was consequently better fed, clothed, and lodged, than when he worked at every trade himself.

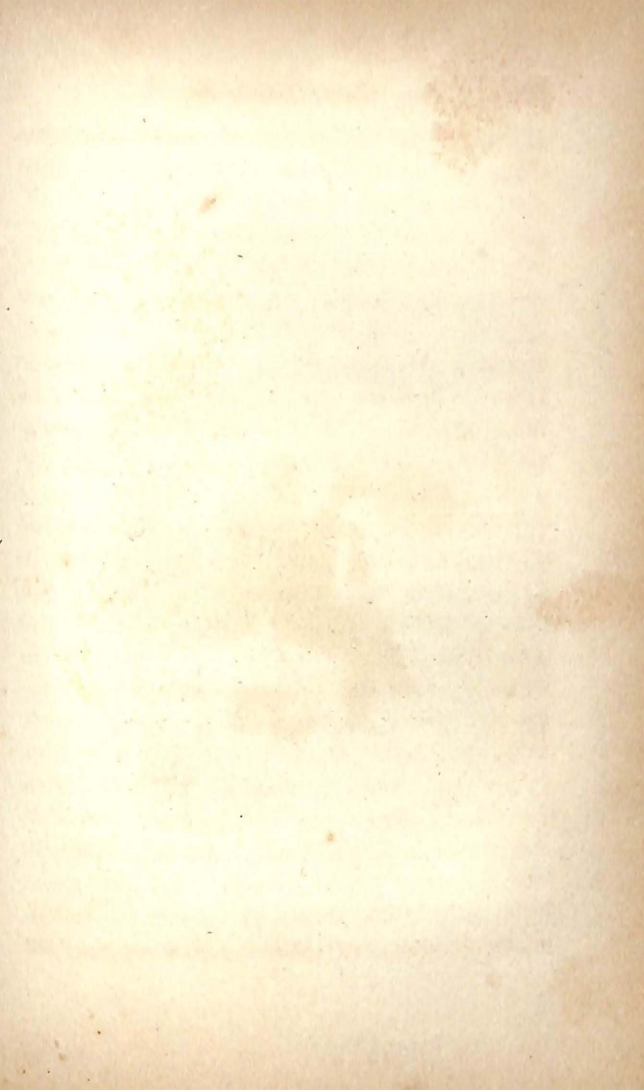
The individual whom we have mentioned as the Philosopher, was not an idle man among all these working people. He was schoolmaster to all the children, who were so fond of him, that he was seldom to be seen without the strongest of them scrambling over the rocks or along the coast after him. He measured out and divided the land which was each man's portion. He taught the rest of the men to select some of the roots with which the island abounded ; and to cultivate near their dwellings the graceful trees which were natural to the soil. He made curious nets, which enabled others to catch a constant supply of fish and of birds. He constructed clocks of wood, which were found very useful in the different huts ; and he taught some of the bigger boys to make vessels of clay as well as bricks, the latter of which made the foundation of the houses better able to resist the storms that now and then swept across the island. He also managed to make two or three musical instruments, on one or other of which he would occasionally play in an evening, whilst the children, and indeed often their fathers and mothers also, would dance on the grass after the labors of the day. He was the only person in the island who could keep

an account of time ; and he was of much use to the farmers in advising them when to sow different seeds, and in what soils. In short, there was no end to his contrivances. He also found time to make a collection of all the different plants that grew on the island, from some of which he prepared medicines for those who happened to be sick. He made a survey of the whole of the island, and made drawings of it and of the little town in which the shipwrecked people lived ; cheering them by saying they would some day look at them in England. He persuaded every man and woman in the island to rest from work one day in seven ; on which day he used to have them collected together, and on the long winter evenings, to read some prayers to them, and a chapter or two from a Bible which had come ashore with some other books. He taught many of the men and women to sing the hymns and ballads of their own country ; and contrived to make them so busy and so comfortable, that many of them ceased to sigh for home ; whilst their children, too, were growing up in the peaceful island, ignorant of all that was doing in any other land upon the globe, except what they learnt from the lessons and books of the good Philosopher.

HINTS ON READING.

A PROPER and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labors of others ;—namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time ; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the “reading public.” Others, again, read with the laudable anxiety of being made wiser ; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.

It is recorded of Madame De Stäel Holstein, that before she was fifteen years of age, she had “devoured” 600 novels in three months, so that she must have read more than six a day, upon an average. Louis XVI, during the five months and seven days of his imprisonment immediately preceding his death, read 157





volumes, or one a day. If this species of gluttony is pardonable in circumstances like those of Louis, it is less so in those of a young lady of fourteen or fifteen. No one can have time for reflection who reads at this rapid rate ; and, whatever may be thought, these devourers of books are guilty of abusing nature to an extent, as much greater than those who overcharge their stomachs, as the intellectual powers are higher than the animal propensities. Thousands of young persons spend their time in perpetual reading, or rather in devouring books. It is true, the food is light ; but it occupies the mental faculties for the time in fruitless efforts, and operates to exclude food of a better quality.

The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travel or instruction, by philosophy or vanity ; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay : they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and villages, in the shops and farms ; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken.

W. P.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A ROACH.

WRITTEN AFTER SEVERAL INEFFECTUAL EFFORTS TO
DRIVE ROACHES AWAY.

“I LEFT my home some prey to track,
And promised my loved ones I soon would come back;
But when I returned—alack! alack!
I looked in vain for the well-known crack.”
Thus spake a poor Roach as he wandered alone,
And sad was his face, and mournful his tone;
For he thought on the home he never should see,
On Mrs. Roach and his loved family.
He remembered with grief that their larder was bare,
And young roaches he knew could not live upon air.
Ah! do you *human beings* think what you're about
When you fill up the cracks, and the old roaches out?

And poor Mrs. Roach sat sobbing at home,
Dreading that to her sposa some evil had come,

And the poor little young ones lay tumbling about,
Grieving much for their father who stayed so long out.
“At last,” quoth the eldest, “dear mother, I’ll go
And find if I can what keeps father so”—
And he started to go as he aye went before,
But gone was the crack they had used for a door!
Alas, human beings! do you know how you sin,
When you fill up the cracks, and the young roaches in?

Oh! then there was wailing within that dark hole,
For their grief was too deep to be under control,—
Said poor Mrs. Roach, “a widow I’ll be,
And who will provide for my dear family?”

Cheer up, little group! oh grieve not so sore!
If you’ll wait but a little there is comfort in store.
In the midst of their wailing a scraping they hear,
And lo! in their midst doth their sire appear.
“Cheer up, my dear wife, and ye children small,
For see, I have eaten my way through the wall!”

MORAL.

Good people, ’tis vain for you to stop up the holes,
For we roaches have *instinct*, if we have not got souls.

Here we've long been at home, and here we'll remain,
And your *phosphorus*,* your *elder*,* and *wafers*,* are
vain.

You may give up your efforts, your trouble and pother,
For when driven from one place, we will go to another:
If we weary your patience, your best plan, beyond
doubt,

Will be to move off, ere we know that you're out.

MARGARET R——.

* Various means for getting rid of roaches.



THE CARTER'S HELPMATES.

AN ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE minuter details of George IV's life are not of a kind either to interest or edify young people, but here is an anecdote of his boyhood that will be certain of securing your sympathies.

The manners and appearance of George III and his family were entirely simple and unostentatious, and the early youth of the young princes and princesses was but very slightly different from that of other young people of rank throughout the kingdom. It was the frequent habit of the king to wander about the neighborhood of Windsor, altogether unattended, and accompanied only by the young Prince of Wales, who was his almost inseparable companion.

One morning they were pursuing their walk in their usual manner, when they met a farm servant driving a covered cart towards Windsor; they had passed him

only by a few paces, when a sudden stoppage of the vehicle, and the outcries of the driver, caused them to look around, and they then perceived that the cart had got fast into a rut of the road, and the man was vainly urging his horses to drag it out.

The prince sprang back, and with little thought of ceremony, began applying his strength to the wheel, his majesty watching his efforts for a moment in silence, but instantly after stepping forward himself in the same service. Encouraged by this unlooked for help, the carter flogged and bawled to his horses, while the royal shoulders heaved as heartily at the wheel; and Hercules—moved no doubt by their ship-shape mode of invoking his aid—gave them strength enough to accomplish what they desired: the vehicle was extricated, and the driver, grateful to his friends, swore roundly that they must take a draught of ale with him, offering at the same time a seat in front of his cart to the next public house.

This civil offer was not accepted; the King and Prince shook the dust of their late labor from their plain clothing, and prepared to bid their friend adieu; but first his majesty presented the fortunate carter with a guinea, which the prince, holding to be no very worthy gift, instantly amended by a couple from his own purse. The carter, lost in astonishment, stood looking

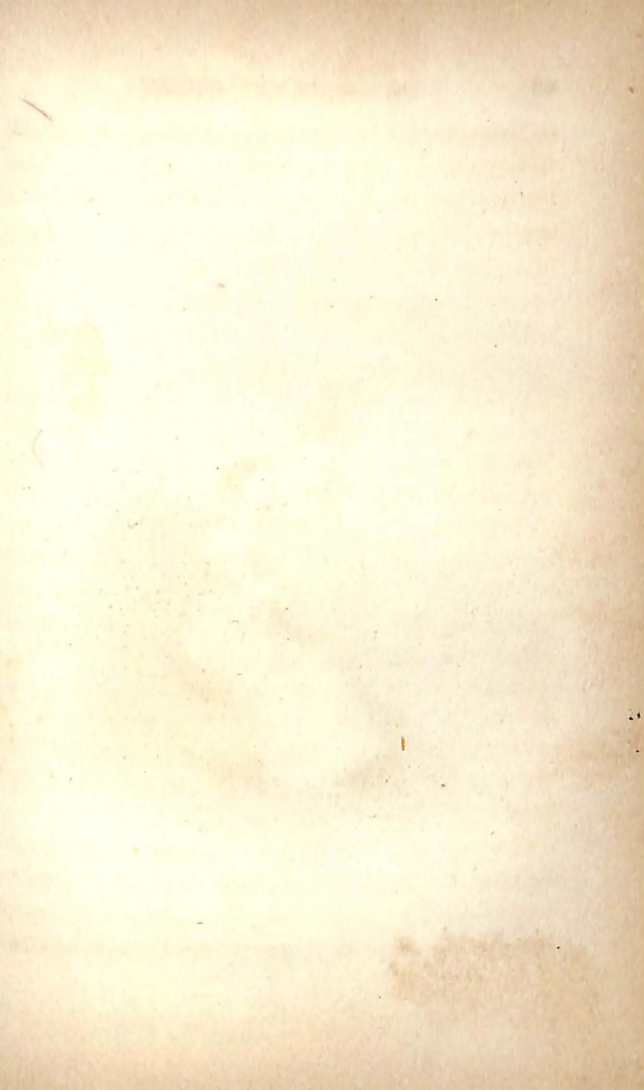
after these surprising helpmates (first making any thing but graceful, though very sincere acknowledgments), and it was not until they had got fairly out of his sight that he could bethink himself of once more getting on with his team.

On arriving at the public house which he had destined as the place of his rejected treat, and relating the wondrous occurrence that had taken place, he was acquainted with the quality of his assistants; but he could in no way be brought to believe the fact. Above all, he insisted that, though the prince might be the prince, yet the king could not be the king; for, he argued, why else did the first give him two guineas, when the second, whom his informants would have to be the greater, gave him only one! No, this was not "in his philosophy," and he was convinced that his friends were wrong.

The story, and especially the man's obstinacy, was talked of till it reached the king, whom it greatly amused. Some time after, his majesty met the same man on the road, and thus accosted him:

"So, you think, my friend, that my present was not a king's present, though my son's might do for a prince, hey? But remember that I must be just before I am generous; the prince has only himself to think about, but I have many who look up to me, as your children

at home do to you, for all they want—do not forget *that*, my friend; good morning, good morning.” And the monarch once more left John Carter to his cogitations.





THE FOLLY OF BEING VAIN.

CAROLINE was trifling away her time in the garden with a little favorite spaniel, her constant companion, when she was sent for to her music-master. But the servant called her no less than three times, before she thought proper to go into the house. When the lesson was finished, and the master gone, she turned to her mother, and asked her, in a fretful and impatient tone of voice, how much longer she was to be plagued with teachers—for she had had them a very long time, and she really thought she now knew quite enough of every thing.

“That you have had them a very long while,” answered her mother, “I perfectly agree with you; but that you have profited so much by their instruction, as you seem to imagine, I am not so certain. I must, however, acquaint you, my dear Caroline, that you will not be *plagued* with them much longer. Your father says he has expended such large sums upon your education that he is quite vexed with himself for having

done so, because he finds it impossible to be at an equal expense for your two little sisters. I should therefore advise you, whilst he is so good as to allow you to continue your lessons, to make the most of your time, that it may not be said you have been learning so long to no purpose."

Caroline appeared quite astonished at her mother's manner of speaking. The vain girl assured her that she knew every thing perfectly. She said, that if her father wished to save the expense of masters for her sisters, *she* would undertake to make them quite as accomplished as she herself was.

Some time after this conversation, she accompanied her mamma on a visit to a particular friend, who resided in the country. As there were several gentlemen and ladies at the same time in the house, Caroline was extremely happy in the opportunity she thought it would give her of surprising so large a party by her music and other accomplishments. It was not very long before she gave them so many samples of her vanity and self-conceit, as rendered her quite ridiculous in their eyes.

She was never in the least ashamed to contradict those who were older and better instructed than herself. She would sit down to the harp, with the utmost unconcern, and attempt to play a sonata which she had

never seen before, though at the same time she could not get through a little simple air, without blundering half a dozen times.

There lived, at about the distance of a mile from Mrs. Melvin's house, a widow lady, with her daughter, a charming little girl, thirteen years of age. So very limited was the fortune of this lady, that she had never had it in her power to be at the smallest expense on account of her daughter's education. Indeed, her income was so narrow, that, without the strictest economy in every respect, she could not have made it suffice to procure them the necessaries of life. So she was obliged to content herself with the little instruction she could give to her child. She encouraged her, as much as possible, to exert herself, and to endeavor to supply, by attention and perseverance, the want of a more able instructor.

When Caroline heard this talked of, she concluded immediately that Laura must be a poor little ignorant thing, whom she would astonish by a display of her accomplishments. The vain young lady enjoyed in idea the wonder she would show, when she beheld her beautiful drawings, heard her touch the keys of the piano, and speak French and Italian as well as her own language. This she wished to persuade herself was the case, though she knew no more of either of these

languages than she did of all the other things of which she was so vain and conceited.

She told Mrs. Melvin that she really pitied extremely the situation of the poor unfortunate Laura, and wished, whilst she was so near, that she could have an opportunity of seeing her frequently, as she would give her some instruction, which would be of service to her. Mrs. Melvin was extremely disgusted with the vanity of her friend's daughter. But, wishing to give her a severe mortification, which she thought would be of more use to her than any lesson she had ever received, she told her that she should pay Laura a visit the next morning.

The morning was very fine, and the whole company set forward immediately after breakfast. They were soon in sight of a very neat but small house, which they were informed belonged to the mother of Laura. A little white gate opened into a garden in the front of it. The grounds were so neat, and laid out with so much taste, that they all stopped to admire them, for the flowers and shrubs were tied up with the utmost nicety, and not a weed was to be seen in any part of the garden.

"This is Laura's care," said Mrs. Melvin; "her mother cannot afford to pay a gardener, but she hires a laborer now and then to turn up the ground, and, with





the help of their maid, Laura keeps this little flower-garden in the order in which you see it. By inquiring of those who understand the subject, instead of fancying herself perfect in all things, she has gained so much information, that she is become a complete florist."

They were shown into a very neat parlor, which was ornamented with a number of drawings. "Here," said Mrs. Melvin, "you may again see the fruits of Laura's industry and perseverance. She has had no instruction except the little her mother could give her, but she was determined to succeed, and has done so, as you may perceive. These drawings are executed with as much taste and judgment as could possibly be expected of so young a person, even if she had had the advantage of having a master to instruct her. The fringe on the window-curtains is entirely of her making. The pretty border and landscape on that fire-screen are of her cutting."

Caroline began to fear she should not shine quite so much as she had expected to do. When Laura came into the room, and was desired to sit down at the piano, she was extremely mortified at hearing her play and sing two or three pretty little songs, so well and so sweetly, that every one present was delighted with her.

After they had amused themselves indoors, Laura's mother invited them out into the garden, where the extreme neatness and care exhibited by Laura in its care was the theme of universal praise. One of the ladies of the party spoke in such extremely high terms of the beauty of the flowers, that Laura's mother, who was now getting rather old and feeble, and was obliged to walk with a cane, picked a pretty bouquet and begged her to accept it.

Laura and her doings were so much the theme of praise from all, that Caroline found there was little opportunity of making the display she had expected to, and in fact felt her real inferiority, notwithstanding the many masters she had had, to the humble Laura, that she did not enjoy her visit near so much as she had anticipated to do. But her visit was of great service and benefit to her, for ever after she tried really to make good use of the instructions of her teachers; and it is therefore no wonder she became a better and wiser girl, casting aside her excessive vanity.

When my youthful readers attempt to show off, I think it will be of great use to them if they will remember this story of the vain little girl.



NEW YORK
D. Appleton & Company

THE ORPHAN WANDERERS.

GENTLE lady, good and happy,
Hear my simple tale, I pray ;
'Tis the sad, sad truth, I tell you,
Send us not so soon away.

Once we had a home of plenty,
Once we knew a father's care,
Once a mother's fond affection
Breathed for us the nightly prayer.

Now we wander, lost, and lonely,
Over many a weary mile ;
Gloomy night comes gathering round us,
But we find no mother's smile.

Once there came a gloomy winter,
Trade was bad, and wages low,
Dark December rains were falling
Over heaps of melting snow.

One sad evening—never, never
Can that evening be forgot ;
Something came across our father,
Anger—grief—we knew not what.

From that time his mind seemed wandering,
And his manly look was gone ;
Sometimes kind, and sometimes fretful,
Constant to one vice alone.

Constant to one guilty pleasure,
When those fatal doors were passed,
Shame was vanquished, conscience followed,
All our comforts went at last.

Long my mother bore in silence
Loss of plenty, loss of fame ;
Though sometimes the gossip's slander
Tinged her faded cheek with shame.

Little did we know that sorrow
Had such deep and deadly power,
Little dreamed her strength was failing—
Failing faster, hour by hour ;

Till one awful moment told us
All the fatal truth at last ;
To her restless bed she called us,
O'er my brow her fingers passed.

There were sighs, and words so broken,
Yet so fond, and full of love ;
And her smiles—we ne'er forgot them,
Like an angel's from above.

Thus she passed ; and oh how lonely—
Worse than lonely we were left !
All too late, our wretched father
Seemed of every hope bereft.

Sometimes frantic, sometimes sullen,
Weeping like a fretful child,
Oftener to his haunts returning,
Lost and reckless, weak and wild.

Thus he died : we asked not whether
By the public way he fell ;
Strangers brought him to our dwelling,
None the dreadful tale would tell.

Thus, kind lady, thus we wander
Over many a weary mile :
I could work—but little Martha,
Who would care for her the while ?

Would your daughters, gentle lady,
Hear my little sister sing ?
Small the pittance that we ask you,
Hunger is a fearful thing.

May you never know how bitter
Sorrow is, and want, and shame ;
Gracious Heaven has made you happy,
May it keep you still the same !

M—— E——.





ANTICIPATIONS AND REALITIES.

“A PARTY of pleasure! oh, mamma, let us go,” said Rosamond. “We shall be so happy, I am sure.”

“What! because it is a party of pleasure, my dear,” said her mother, smiling.

“Do you know,” continued Rosamond, without listening to what her mother said—“Do you know, mamma, that they are going in the boat, on the river; and there are to be streamers flying, and music playing all the time? And Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and the master Blissets, will be here in a few minutes. Will you go, mamma? may Godfrey and I go with you?”

“Yes, my dears.”

Scarcely had her mother added the word “yes,” than Rosamond uttered a loud exclamation of joy, and ran to tell her brother Godfrey, and returned, repeating as she capered about the room—

“Oh! we shall be so happy! so happy!”

“Moderate your transports, my dear Rosamond,”

said her mother. "If you expect so much happiness beforehand you may be disappointed."

"Disappointed, mamma!—I thought people were always happy on parties of pleasure; Miss Blisset told me so."

"My dear, you had better *judge for yourself*, than to trust to what Miss Blisset tells you, without knowing any thing of the matter yourself."

"Mamma, if I know nothing of the matter, how can I judge? Why should I not trust what Miss Blisset says?"

"Wait and you will know, my dear."

"You said, mamma, do not raise your expectations. Is it not well to expect to be happy?—to hope to be happy, makes me happy *now*. If I thought I should be unhappy, it would make me unhappy now."

"I do not wish you to think you shall be unhappy; I wish you to have as much pleasure now as you can have, without being made unhappy by dissatisfaction. I wish you to attend to your own feelings, to find out what makes you happy, and what makes you unhappy. You are going on a party of pleasure, I beg you to observe whether you are happy or not; observe what pleases and entertains you."

Here the conversation was interrupted. A carriage came to the door, and Rosamond exclaimed—

"Here they are—Mrs. Blisset, Miss Blisset, and her two brothers. I see their heads in the coach; I will run and put on my hat."

"I assure you, mamma," continued she, as she was tying the string of her hat, "I will remember to tell you whether I have been happy or not."

Rosamond went with her mother, and Mrs. Blisset and her children, on this party. The next morning, when Rosamond went into her mother's room, her mother reminded her of her promise.

"You promised to tell, my dear, whether you were as happy as you expected to be."

"I did, mamma. You must know, then, I was not happy all day yesterday; that is to say, I was not nearly so happy as I thought I should have been. I should have liked going in the boat, and seeing the streamers flying, and hearing the music, and looking at the prospect, and walking in the pretty island, and dining out of doors under the large shady trees, if it had not been for other things, which were so disagreeable that they spoiled all our pleasure."

"What were those disagreeable things?"

"Mamma, they were *little* things. Yet they were very disagreeable. Little disputes—little quarrels between Miss Blisset and her brothers, about every thing that was to be done. First, when he got into the boat,

the youngest boy wanted us to sit on one side, and Miss Blisset wanted us to sit on the other side ; now, mamma, you know we could not do both.

“ But they went on disputing about this for half an hour ; and Godfrey and I were so ashamed, and so sorry, that we could not have any pleasure in listening to the music or looking at the prospect. You were at the other end of the boat, mamma, and you did not see and hear all this. Then we came to the island, and then I thought we should be happy ; but one of the boys said, ‘ Come this way, or you will see nothing.’ The other boy roared out, ‘ No, they must come my way ;’ and Miss Blisset insisted on our going her way.

“ All the time we were walking, they went on disputing about which of their ways was the best. Then they looked so discontented and so angry with one another. I am sure they were not happy ten minutes together, all day long ; and I said to myself, ‘ Is this a party of pleasure ? how much happier Godfrey and I are every day, even without going to this pretty island, and without hearing this music, or seeing these fine prospects—much happier, because we do not quarrel with one another about every trifle.’ ”

“ My dear,” said her mother, “ I am glad you have had an opportunity of seeing all this.”

“Mamma, instead of its being a party of pleasure, it was a party of *pain*. Oh, mamma, I never wish to go on another party of pleasure. I have done with parties of pleasure for ever,” concluded Rosamond.

“You know, my dear, I warned you not to raise your expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. You have found that unless people are good-tempered, and obliging, and ready to please each other, they make pain even of pleasure; therefore avoid quarrelsome people as much as you can, and never imitate them; but do not declare against *all parties of pleasure*, and decide against them for ever because *one* happened not to be so delightful as you had expected it to be.”

A FOX'S TALE OF HIS ADVENTURES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RUDOLPHI.

I WAS born in a retired spot, along with four brothers and sisters. Our mother had made a nice soft bed of moss, in a hole which she had scooped in the side of a steep bank ; and a comfortable dwelling it was. As soon as we were weaned, our parents supplied us with good food,—sometimes young hares, partridges, and such dainty provisions. Occasionally we had mice, which we did not relish quite so much ; but our mother used to say, that we must accustom ourselves to every thing, for the time might perhaps come when we should be glad of even a mouse to make a meal of. We grew apace, and as the den soon became too small for us, we tried to escape out of our dwelling. But our parents strictly forbade this ; saying, that nothing but dangers awaited us ; but that, as soon as we were old enough, they would take us to a place of greater security.



Alas ! it happened to us as to many other children, who will not obey their parents, but think themselves the wiser. Early one May morning, the sun shone in so brightly at the mouth of our hole, that we longed to know what it was to be outside ; and, as soon as our parents had set out upon their hunting excursion, to bring provision for us, we slipped out softly, and jumped and tumbled about on the open sandy space in front of our cave, enjoying ourselves much, and hastening in as soon as we thought papa and mamma Fox would be coming back again.

We went on in this way for a long time, without being found out ; but one day, while we were chasing a mouse in front of the den, and tumbling head over heels in great delight, we observed something looking at us through the bushes, which we concluded must be the face of a man. We hurried back into the den immediately, terribly frightened, and were right glad when we neither saw nor heard any more of the creature ; little guessing, that from that moment our fate was decided. For, the very next morning, when father and mother were gone out as usual, we heard footsteps and voices ; and, before we were aware, a savage, crooked-legged dog entered the den, barking very loud. Our agony was extreme. We drew back into the farthest corner of the den, barking as loud as we could :

but this did not in the least deter our enemy; for, encouraged by the men, he seized hold of the foremost of us.

Despair will inspire the weakest with courage. We flew at our black foe, and scratched him so much, that he was obliged to draw back. Now we thought that the danger was over; but, alas! the greatest was to come, and from an unexpected quarter. How could we guess that the dog was sent into the den to find if we were still within, and where the cave ended! For one of the hunters had laid himself down with his ear to the ground, and listened as the dog barked; after which they began to dig a hole, and we listened in deadly fear to the strokes of the spade and pickaxe, as they came nearer to us. They had soon broken through; and, as all resistance was vain, we could do nothing better than bury our heads deep in the sand. Then a man stretched his arm down to us, drew one after another by the tail, and struck each one upon the back of his head with a club, so that he died immediately. I was the last, whom he pulled up with a cruel shout. He had raised his staff for the deadly blow, when a man, passing by, cried to him, "Hold! friend, just let me look at that little animal." He looked in my face, and then added, "I wish you would give me that little Fox: I could make him useful!" "What!" replied

my murderous captor, "would you bring him up to steal your cocks and hens? He will be true to his nature." "No," said the stranger, "I will make him useful to me in my trade." "Well, then, take him;" and the man held me, while the other opened a great leathern pocket, into which I was popped; and thus he carried me to his dwelling in the city.

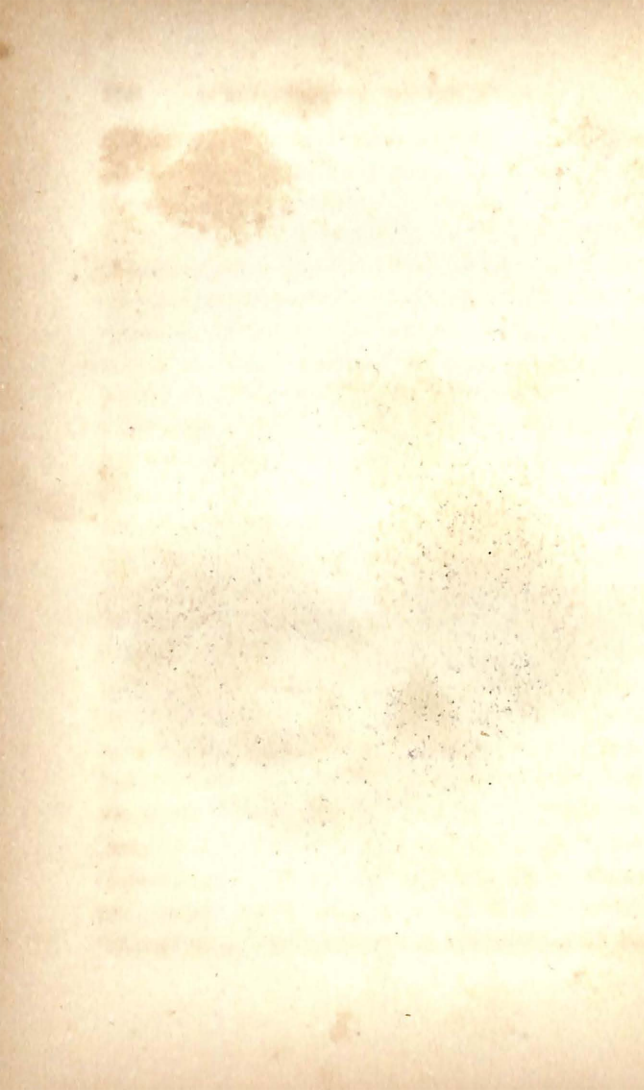
"Look here," said my new master to his wife, jokingly, "what a pretty, sharp-nosed little dog I have met with!" as he drew me out of his pocket. "He shall learn by and by to blow the bellows." The man was a locksmith, and had a wheel fixed to his bellows, in which a dog, by running round set the bellows in motion. But a short time before my capture, the dog had died; and the man was glad to have me, rather than a dog, for which he would have to pay an annual tax. I had a small collar put on to which a chain was fastened, and the other end secured to the dog-kennel. He brought me food and water: I quenched my thirst, but I was too much afraid and sorrowful to eat at first, until compelled by hunger. I was kindly treated: the man would stop as he went to or returned from his work, and stroke and feed me from his hand. "How goes it, little Foxy?" he would say: "thou wilt soon be able to help me in my business." After a while he showed me the wheel, made me ascend into

it, and taught me how to run. I was glad to be in motion, after so long a confinement. I soon understood my office, and took pleasure in the work. When he was not smithying, I was allowed to rest; and then I amused myself by watching him at his filing and hammering, making large and small locks and keys. I could not complain of my treatment; for I was well fed, and always had my plate of meat not far from the wheel. But yet two circumstances troubled me. Liberty was not mine. Could I ever forget that I had once enjoyed freedom? I longed for the woods, the mountains, the sunny knolls, where my race wander so merrily about.

I had also an enemy in the person of a neighbor's old, grizzly, red tom-cat, an envious, spiteful, and greedy animal. He would sit for hours in a gap of the wall, eyeing me with apparent indifference, as I went round and round at my work; but, if my master turned his back, if but for a moment, he was instantly down upon the spot, stole the best bits out of my dish, and was back again as swift as a bird could fly. He also plundered my master's kitchen in various ways; and, as I was sometimes allowed to run about at liberty in the house, I was suspected of the thievery, and received the beating.

I was even with my enemy at last, and, moreover,





against his will, he procured me my liberty, though but for a short time.

One day, when the master was absent, I felt very well and lively, and jumped merrily about in my wheel, and blew the bellows till the sparks began to fly. Then I sat down to enjoy my dinner. The cat came near, and contrary to custom, began to converse with me:—"Fox, you are merry; I wish I was so too: you seem happier in your work, than I in my sleepy dreaming on the wall." "Yes," I replied, "that is quite true. You see that I earn abundance of food by turning this wheel for my good master; and I may leap and jump about in it to my heart's content. Just come up to me for once," continued I, "and I will show you how merrily it runs." So the cat ascended, and we shook the wheel awhile, which pleased the old fellow very well; then I invited him to sit down and eat; for I had a nice leg-bone of mutton left, and he found it quite to his taste.

When he had done, the old cat said, "Fox, that thing pleaseth me. I should like to learn thy trade, and then I can seek out a master. Wilt thou teach me?" "With pleasure," I answered: only put on my collar, and run on boldly in the wheel, you will learn quickly." "Well, I will try," said the cat. But first we had to get the collar off my neck, and it cost us some trouble.

“Look!” said I: “this thing which hangs upon the collar is called a lock, and that thing which hangs upon the nail there, is called a key. Now, if you put the key into the hole in the lock, and turn it round, the lock will slip off, and the collar will be unfastened; then I can draw it off, and put it on you.” The cat fetched the key, and after many trials, at last managed to put it into the lock properly. “Now,” said I, “take the key between your teeth, and turn it round.” This he did easily; and, when he had drawn the padlock out of the ring of the collar, I trembled for joy. I quickly put the collar upon the cat, however, and turned the key in the padlock. “There,” said I, “now take care to run steadily, and you will find what a merry business it is. Good bye! cat;” and then I sprang through the open window.

“Stop! stop!” cried the cat, terrified; and he tried to spring after me, but found himself held back by the chain which was fastened to the collar; and I heard how he tugged in vain, and mewed pitifully.

But whoever diggeth a ditch for another, is pretty certain to fall into one himself. This proverb was verified in my case; for scarcely had I gained the street, when I was observed by a dog; which chased me so quickly, that I had but little hope of saving myself from his teeth. By chance I took the direction of the

market-place, in the middle of which there was a wooden booth, where there were apes, and parrots swinging on long sticks, outside, and a great brown bear kept guard at the entrance. "Brother bear," I cried, out of breath, "take me under thy protection!" "Just jump in here," said the bear kindly, and showed me the opening. I did so, and was saved from my enemy; but, to my great astonishment and terror, only to fall into the hands of more dreadful enemies. I found myself in a large room, surrounded on every side by wild animals, imprisoned in iron cages. I endeavored to make my escape, but in my confusion could not find the way out. The master and his men hunted me from one corner to another, till at last I was caught; and what did they with me—can you imagine? I was thrown into the den of a mighty lion: there I lay trembling in deadly fear, when the great king of beasts came slowly up, smelled at me, and then laid himself down quietly as before. When I found that he had no intention of taking away my life, I ventured to approach him very modestly. "I'll do thee no hurt," murmured the lion; "be without fear of me." Then I took courage, seated myself near him, licked his paws, and looked up quite fearlessly into his face. When feeding time came, I had a bone thrown to me also. After our meal, I entertained the

lion with merry feats, leaping over him, laying myself down before him, and inviting him to play.

Thus we went on from one day to another, and the lion began to take great pleasure in me. After some time, the dens were placed in great wagons, and conveyed to another town, where the people came in crowds, curious to behold the lion and the Fox.

Though we lived in great harmony, yet, before long, my life became tedious and sorrowful. "Lion," said I one day, "we must try to obtain our freedom.

"Well said!" replied lion: "can I break these iron bars which keep us within the den?" "That neither of us can do," I rejoined; "but, where strength is vain, cunning may succeed. Just let us try; I have a device in my head."

Now, the master of the menagerie had a tame peacock, which was allowed to go about in perfect liberty; and to secure his assistance formed a part of my plan. The servant whose office it was to feed the animals, was accustomed to slip the bolt only of our den, without locking it. This had not escaped my observation; and the knowledge I had picked up in my servitude with the locksmith, I was able to turn to good account. I therefore said one evening to the peacock, "Now, good friend, do me a little favor, and push back the iron thing at the door." He did so, and the

door opened instantly. "Now for it, lion," said I, "break out: only take me with you, and protect me."

The lion had no sooner left the den, and felt that he had once more the free use of his limbs, than he darted towards the entrance.

Almost terrified to death, every body fled out of his way, and the lion and the fox were once more free in open air. But a few leaps, and we were out of the town, and in the broad meadows. Whoever we met, instantly betook themselves to flight; and in a short time we reached a dark, thick forest, in whose shades we rested for the night. The lion wished to remain here; for he felt quite at home under the deep shadow of the great oak-trees: but I advised him to continue his flight. So, very early in the morning, we left the forest, and hastened to a distant woody mountain, which we reached the same day; and there, after devouring some hares, reposed in quiet. But alas! our escape could not remain a secret, nor could we doubt of being actively pursued.

In a few days, a crowd of hunters appeared; we were chased about, and with difficulty saved ourselves by flight to another forest. There neither were we suffered to remain in peace; for the number of our pursuers was constantly increasing, and day and night we were driven before them, from one place of refuge to another.

On the fifth night of our flight, we had lain down to rest on the edge of a cliff, which overlooked a deep hollow place, surrounded by trees ; when we saw lights advancing through the wood, and I immediately advised the lion to fly with all speed. "No," he replied, "I will be hunted no longer ; if I must die, it shall be here !" We descried armed men approaching, carrying torches ; and in the midst there rode a young man of beautiful countenance and majestic stature, and, by his side, a large, noble-looking dog. When the party had reached the hollow ; they stopped, kindled a fire, seated themselves around it and began to eat. The young man had dismounted, and was standing at a little distance, leaning against the stem of a tree, when suddenly the dog uttered a sharp bark ; and the men alarmed, rose up hastily, and followed the animal, who had evidently got scent of our track. With one mighty bound, the lion sprung from the overhanging rock, alighting on his feet, just opposite to the young man, who was no other than the son of the king. The king's son drew back for a moment, and raised a sharp sword, putting himself in an attitude of defence. But the lion laid himself down in front of him, stretched his paws out on the earth, and looked up into the face of the prince, as much as to say, Let us be friends. At that moment the attendants returned, and would have attacked the

lion with sword and lance, but the prince forbade, saying, "You shall do him no hurt, he has placed himself under my protection." He advanced fearlessly, laying his hand upon the noble animal's head. "Let us bind him at least," cried one. "It is unnecessary," replied the prince, as he seated himself on the ground near the lion: "he will follow me, I am sure, of his own accord." And so he did.

The king's son laid himself down to rest, and slept peacefully; the lion resting near him, while the attendants passed the night in anxious and fearful watching around them. As soon as the prince awoke in the morning, the whole party prepared for their return to the city; the lion following willingly with Ossian, the faithful dog, side by side.

Then I pressed forth from my hiding-place; and, as I could not bear to be separated from the lion, I hastened to join him, much to the astonishment of all present. "Lo! here is another follower," said the prince; "he also shall receive protection."

We traversed the forest, and before noon reached the capital city. News of the wonderful affair went before us, so that young and old crowded from all quarters to see the remarkable animals pass. When we arrived at the palace, the prince commanded comfortable dwellings to be prepared for us on each side of

the principal gate ; but every night the lion had to lie at the door of the royal sleeping chamber, in order to keep guard there. Besides these favors, we were well supplied with food, and daily received proofs of our lord's attachment.

It was not long before we both had an opportunity of rendering him a good service for all his kindness. Some wicked men had plotted together to murder the prince, and had hidden themselves in a thicket, intending to lie in wait for him, when he should pass by on his daily walk. I happened to spy these wretches in their hiding-place ; and, suspecting them of evil intentions, I told the lion, who agreed with me in opinion ; and we both went and concealed ourselves, very near the spot where I had seen the villains. As soon as the prince approached, they started out with lifted daggers ; but, just as they thought themselves sure of their victim, out broke the lion from the bushes, crushing them in his way. With one spring he seized the foremost by the throat, then tore down the next ; and before the third could recover from his terror, he had caught him by the breast, and shaken him so violently, that he fell breathless and insensible to the ground. The guards hastened to the spot and secured the villains, who received the punishment of their crime that very day. From that time, the prince regarded us with

more favor than ever, and never went out without us for his attendants.

Thus we led a quiet, honorable life for some years ; but at last the period of our separation arrived. The king engaged in a war, and the prince commanded his army which we accompanied to the field. When passing through towns I rode upon the baggage wagons, but when traveling in the country I scampered along over the fields. Lion fought bravely by the side of his lord, and I rendered considerable service as a spy. But one day, when I was out at a distance, the prince and his attendants fell into an ambuscade of the enemy. He defended himself bravely ; and the lion broke through the opposing ranks, tearing down whoever came in his way. The enemy were soon overpowered and put to flight, when, from behind a tree, an arrow, aimed at the lion, pierced his heart : he sunk down at the feet of his master, giving him a loving look, and died. The prince was nearly inconsolable for the loss of the noble animal, and had him interred with honors, and a marble pillar erected to mark his grave.

I also grieved much for my generous companion and protector, and looked quite forlorn and unhappy. One day, therefore, the kind prince said to me, " Good Fox, since thou hast lost thy friend, I think thy liberty would be acceptable to thee." I made signs that I

would prefer to go. "Well," said he, "go. I thank thee for thy fidelity, and will command my subjects to refrain from doing thee any harm." And, in order to secure my safety, he had a king's crown marked upon my haunches, which you may yet see plainly. Afterwards I departed, and sought out my place of birth, where I have lived ever since in undisturbed tranquillity.

NEW CHARADES.

My first quite tall in Egypt grows,
Above it hovers my second,
My whole I'm sure each sportsman knows,
And when cooked quite dainty reckoned.

Ans. REED-BIRD.

My first, what is it? Scholars know,
My second's all the muses,
My whole, a bark, in the south doth grow,
And in fever oft we use it.

QUININE.

My first we say when we address a lady,
My second's a destructive insect,
My whole is the greatest thing that ever lived.

MAMMOTH.

My first is a score,
My second, if more
You wish to know, you will use ;
My whole is a game
Of very good fame,
And when well played will not fail to amuse.

TWENTY QUESTIONS.

My first is part of a wheel,
My second is half of a trifle "light as air,"
And my whole is a commotion.

HUBBUB.

My first will make you think of smoke ; my second
of dust ; my whole an aspiring mortal.

CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

My first is nought but empty sound,
And yet we can't converse without it ;
My second, when on earth 'tis found,
Commands respect, though some may doubt it ;
My whole's the name of a living poet,
Both sweet, and simple in his lays,

His name I'm sure when you do know it,
You'll one and all join in his praise.

WORDSWORTH.

It is hard to tell whether my first or second has kindled the greater number of flames; my whole is the name of a celebrated manufacturer of an article without which royalty could not exist.

WARWICK THE KING MAKER.

MARY AND HER LITTLE GOAT.

KIDS are little goats. Goats do not like to live in the streets and houses, like the dogs and pigs. Goats love to run and jump about in the country, and to gnaw the bark of trees. Goats give very thick, rich milk. People cannot carry cows to sea in ships, so they take goats, which are smaller than cows, and do not take up so much room in the ship. Without goats, the people in ships would not have milk for their tea.

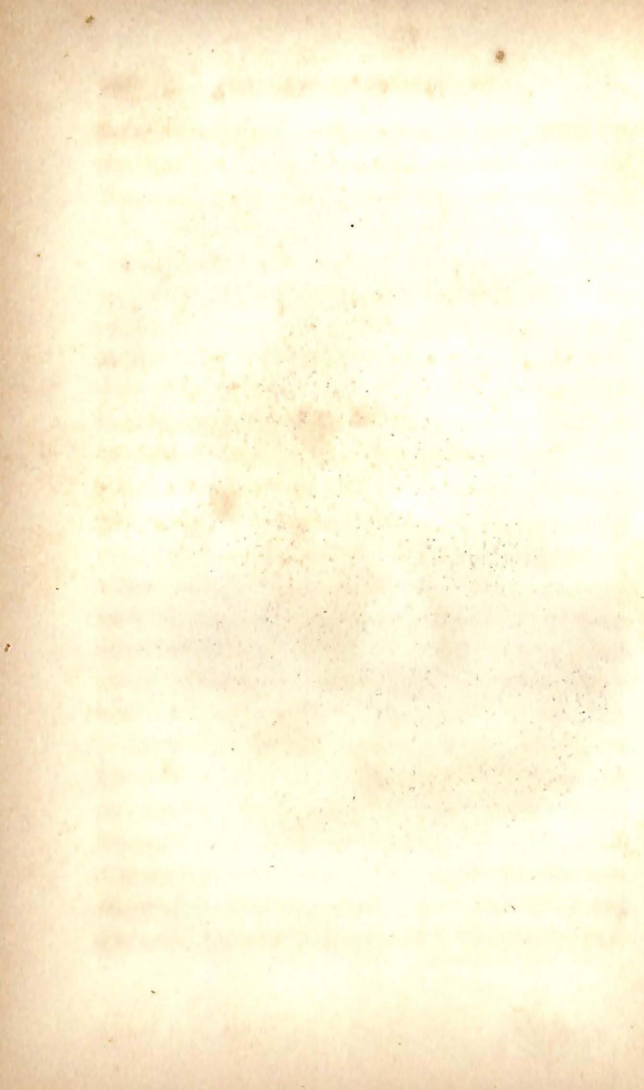
Mary, a little girl, who lived in a place where there are many goats, taking a walk one day, found a little kid; its mother, the old goat, had left it—it was almost dead.

Mary felt sorry for the poor little kid; she took it up, hugged it in her arms, and carried it home with her. She begged her mother to let her keep the kid for her own; her mother gave her leave.

Mary got a basket full of clean straw, and laid it on the warm hearth, for a bed for the kid. She warmed some milk, and held it to him to drink; the kid drank it



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and licked Mary's hand for more. Mary was delighted when she saw him jump out of the basket, and run about the room ; presently he lay down again and took a comfortable nap.

The next day, Mary gave her kid a name ; he was an excellent jumper, so she called him CAPRIOLE. She showed him to all the family, and allowed her little brothers and sisters to stroke and pat him. Capriole soon followed Mary all about the house ; trotted by her side into the yard ; ran races with her in the field ; fed out of her hand ; and was a great pet at all times. Capriole soon grew troublesome ; he thrust his nose into the meal tub, and flour box ; and sometimes got a blow for sipping the milk.

Capriole's little horns soon began to appear, and a white beard sprouted at the end of his chin ; he grew bold enough to fight when he was angry, and sometimes threw down Colin, Mary's little brother, into the dirt. Every body said, " Capriole is getting too saucy ; he must be sent away, or be taught to behave better." Mary always took his part, and indulged him very much. Capriole loved his little mistress dearly.

Near to Mary's house, were some large fields, and some tall rocks ; a little further off was a high hill. One fine summer's day, Mary had finished her morning's work, and wanted to play with her kid ; she

looked about the house door, and could not see Capriole, she then ran to the field, and called aloud "Capriole! Capriole!" No Capriole came. She went on, and on, still calling her kid, but nothing was to be seen of him.

Her heart began to beat. "What can have become of him? Somebody must have stolen him—perhaps the neighbor's dogs have killed him. Oh my Capriole! my dear Capriole! I shall never see you again."

Mary began to cry, but she still went on, looking all round, calling "Capriole! Capriole!"

After a while she heard the voice of Capriole—she looked up, and saw her little goat standing on the edge of a high rock; she was afraid to call him, lest he should jump down, and break his neck. There was no danger; Capriole had run away from his mistress; he liked the fields and the rocks better than he liked Mary. She waited for him, however, till she was tired, and then went home and got her little brothers to go back with her to the foot of the hill. They carried some bread and milk for Capriole, but they could not persuade him back again; he had found a herd of goats, and they were playing together.

Mary went home crying to her mother, and told how Capriole had served her. "I'm sorry for you, my dear," said her mother, "but take care, my daughter, not to love *run-a-ways* any more."

CONFIDENCE IN AN INDIAN.

THAT part of the country round the thriving town of Utica, in the State of New York, and through which a railroad now runs, was formerly called Whitesborough, and there is now a small town joining Utica so called. The first settler in that part of the country was a Mr. White, after whom the place was named. At the time we speak of, there were numerous Indians living in the neighborhood; with them he had several interviews, and mutual promises of friendship were exchanged. He also smoked the pipe of peace with them, to confirm the contract more solemnly.

Still the Indians were suspicious. "The white men," said they, "are deceitful, and we must have some proof of his sincerity."

Accordingly, one evening, during Mr. White's absence from home, three Indians went to his house. At first, Mrs. White and her children were much alarmed, but on perceiving one of the Indians to be Shen-an-doh, whom they knew to be a mild, humane man, their

fear was in some degree quieted. On entering the house, they addressed Mrs. White, saying, "We are come to ask you for your little daughter Jane, that we may take her home with us to-night."

Such a request might well startle the good woman; she knew not what answer to give. To refuse might, she feared, excite their anger; to grant their request might hazard the liberty or even the life of her child.

Luckily at this moment, whilst the Indians were waiting for a reply, Mr. White, the father of the child, came in. The request was repeated to him, and he had sufficient presence of mind to grant it, instantly and cheerfully.

The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horror that can be conceived; but she was silent, for she knew it would be vain to resist. The little girl was fetched, and delivered to the Indians, who lived about ten or twelve miles off.

Shen-an-do-ah took the child by the hand, and led her away through the woods, having first said to her father, "To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heavens, we will bring her back."

Mrs. White had often heard that the Indians were treacherous; and she well knew they were cruel; she therefore looked upon her little daughter as lost, and

considered that she was given as a kind of sacrifice to save the family.

Mr. White endeavored to comfort her, for he felt assured that his child would be brought safely back the following morning. To the poor mother the night was long and sleepless; her anxiety became greater as the promised time approached. Already she imagined that the Indians would keep their word, and indeed bring back their child, but she fully believed that they would not bring her back alive. She watched the sun with a beating heart, and just when it seemed at the highest point of the heavens, she cried out to her husband, "there they are!"

Shen-an-do-ah and his companions were faithful to their promise; they now came back with the little Jane, who, smiling with delight, was decked out in all the finery that an Indian wigwam could furnish—necklaces of shells, dyed feathers, and moccasins beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She was delighted with her visit and with her presents.

The effect of Mr. White's confidence was just what might be expected. From this time the Indians were his friends; had he acted with timidity, and refused to let his child visit them, they would have had no confidence in him.

Shen-an-do-ah was an Oneida chief of some celebrity,

having fought on the side of the Americans in the Revolutionary war. He lived to be a hundred years old, and though in his youth he was very wild, and addicted to drunkenness, yet by the force of his own good sense, and the benevolent exhortations of a Christian missionary, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years.* He was intrepid in war, but mild and friendly in the time of peace. His vigilance once preserved the infant settlements of the German flats (on the Mohawk) from being cruelly massacred by a tribe of hostile Indians; his influence brought his own tribe to assist the Americans, and his many friendly actions in their behalf gained for him, among the Indian tribes, the appellation of the "White man's friend."

To one who went to see him a short time before his death, he thus expressed himself: "I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have passed away and left me. Why *I* still live, the Great Spirit alone knows! But I pray to him that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

* In 1775 Shen-an-do-ah was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning he found himself in the street, stripped of all his ornaments, and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved never more to deliver himself over to the power of "strong water."

“THE SPELL OF A GENTLE WORD.”

BY MARGARET J. BURWELL.

'Twas night, and the cool and perfumed breeze,
Breath'd soft mid the boughs of the waving trees,
Or low to the wild wood-flowers it sigh'd,
While the tiny buds to its tones replied ;
But when the gay music of fairy-glee,
In the clear, calm midnight rose merrily,
And a thousand glancing beings of air,
Like countless gems held their revels there,
It fled from the woods and the flowers away,
And stole to a silent room, where lay
A dying girl :—

Her mournful eyes
Look'd out from their tears on the dark'ning skies,
Where a single star in its glory shone,
Like a haughty heart, bereft and lone.

Round the marble brow waved the clust'ring hair,
And the tiny hands were clasp'd as in pray'r;
She spoke, and each low and trembling word
Was sad as the wail of the widow'd bird.

"Oh! sweet is the spell that the zephyr flings
As it sweeps o'er the wild harp's silvery strings;
And soft is the murmur'd minstrelsy
Of the flashing waves on the summer sea;
And the rain drops breathe, as they near the earth,
A gladsome chorus of joy and mirth;
The blue-bells ring ever in tones of glee,
And a pleasant sound hath the humming bee;
And though strangely sad is the spirit's sigh,
When the crimson clouds leave the evening sky,
Yet when sunbeams burst on the sleeping flowers,
With visions of streamlets and fragrant bowers,
With a flush of joy on their petals bright,
They ope with a chorus of wild delight.
The gem that gleams on the velvet vest,
That shelters each slumbering floweret's breast,
And has whisper'd all night of its home on high,
Where its sisters dwell in the beaming sky,
Takes a sweeter tone when the dawning day
Bids it leave the earth on its heavenward way;
The dancing brook murmurs a joyous tale,
Of the leafy wood and mossy vale;

And have ye not heard, when the shades of night
 Hung dark o'er the earth, and the stars were bright,
 A soft, sweet tone like the violet's song,
 Or the lay of the waves as they glide along?
 But no! it is sweeter than they, by far,
 'Tis the spirit-strain of some wand'ring star.
 But softer than music of star or sea,
 Than dew drops' murmur, or hum of the bee,
 Than the tale of the brook, or the song of the bird,
 Is the mystic spell of a gentle word;
 It falls on the heart as a summer shower
 On the fading leaves of the thirsting flower;
 Like a beam of hope, with its cheering ray,
 It lightens the gloom of life's weary way;
 And when the darkness of death draws near,
 And the spirit shrinks from a nameless fear,
 It tells the soul of a radiant shore,
 Where sorrow and sighing are known no more.
 But I am alone;—no loved one is nigh
 To bend kindly o'er me and pray e'er I die:
 I hear the clear song of the joyous bird,
 But I listen in vain for *one* gentle word.”

Then an aged man with his locks of snow,
 Press'd an earnest kiss on her fever'd brow;
 She had knelt with him oft at the hour of prayer,
 In her childhood's home, when the world seem'd fair,

And a thousand flow'rs on her path were shed ;—
But now, when they all were faded and dead,
And her heart was sad, and her soul most drear,
And death hover'd o'er her, he only was near.
"My child!"—he said—"though none o'er thee may
weep,
Fear not, for the angels a vigil shall keep
By thy lowly grave, and a requiem sing
For the bud that died in its blossoming.
Yon star that is shining so brightly above,
Would tell thee a tale of God's merciful love ;
For e'en as *it* glows through the darkness of night,
Thy spirit shall beam in the land of light ;
Thy mother, my dear one, awaits thee on high,
She would welcome her child to her home in the sky."

"My mother!" she murmur'd—a sweet smile play'd
Round the tiny mouth, while the cool breeze stray'd
'Mid the clustering curls on that low, pale brow,
And breath'd on the cheek of stainless snow ;
But the dark eye was closed—the maiden ne'er stirred—
Her spirit had passed with that gentle word.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

THE Indians have been frequently represented as almost devoid of natural affection, or indeed of feeling altogether ; but this is a mistake, which probably arises from the great command over their feelings which they are in the habit of exercising, particularly when in the presence of strangers. Those persons who have had the best opportunities of knowing the real character of the Indians have remarked, amongst many other good traits, the great affection that they have for their children, and the respect which young people pay, not only to their own parents, but to all elderly people.

The children, both boys and girls, appear to be particularly under the care of their mother ; she teaches them how to make leggins, moccasins, and many other things that have already been described ; and if she be a good mother, as many of these poor squaws are, she is particular in keeping her daughters continually employed, so that they may have the reputation of being

industrious girls, which is a recommendation to the young men to marry them.

Corporal punishment is very seldom resorted to for the correction of children; but if they commit any fault, it is common for the mother to blacken their faces and send them out of the lodge: when this is done, they are not allowed to eat till it is washed off, and sometimes they are kept a whole day in this situation, as a punishment for their misconduct.

There is a considerable difference in the manners and characters of different tribes, some being brave, honorable, and generous, while others are noted for their treacherous disposition and filthy habits. In many tribes their families appear to be well regulated, and great pains are taken by the chiefs and principal men to impress upon the minds of the younger part of their respective nations what they conceive to be their duty.

When the boys are six or seven years of age, a small bow and arrows are put into their hands, and they are sent out to shoot birds around the lodge or village: this they continue to do five or six years, and then their father procures for them short guns, and they begin to hunt ducks, geese, and small game. In the winter evenings their father will relate to them the manner of approaching a deer, elk, or buffalo, and describe the manner of setting traps for different animals:

when he is able, he will take them a hunting with him, and show them the tracks of wild beasts. To all these instructions the boys pay the most earnest attention.

The Indians generally appear to be more afflicted at the loss of an infant, or young child, than of a person who has arrived at mature years; the latter, they think, can provide for himself in the country whither he has gone, but the former is too young to provide for himself.

The men appear ashamed to show any signs of grief at the loss of any relation, however dear he might have been to them; but the women do not attempt to conceal their feelings; and on the loss of either husband or child, they cut off their hair, disfigure their faces and limbs with black paint, and even with cuts, and burn all their clothes excepting a few miserable rags.

A striking display of the strong affection that an Indian feels for his child occurred some years since in a town in Maine. One of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, had received a grant of land from the State, and settled himself in a part of the country where several families were already settled. Though by no means ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him; and he felt this keenly, when, at the death of his only child, none of his neighbors came near him to attend the funeral.

A few months afterwards he announced his intention of leaving the village: he called on some of the inhabitants, and expressed himself in the following manner:—"When white man's child die," said he, "Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I can no live here." He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child*, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.

Not long after the first English settlers had established themselves in Pennsylvania, during the winter a white man's child strayed away from his parent's house; and after having in vain been sought in every direction by the parents for a whole day and night, the father resolved to apply for assistance to one of his Indian neighbors, with whom he had always lived on friendly terms. He knew the superior facility with which the Indians, who are in the habit of constantly roaming the woods, can detect and distinguish objects of sight and sound.

Osamee, for that was the name of the friendly Indian, immediately went to the house of the parents, and looking attentively round it, soon discovered the little footsteps of a child, and the direction which they had taken; and although the child's father could hardly discover the marks and signs by which he was guided,

he followed the track with as much apparent ease and confidence as an English traveler would a turnpike road, and after tracing it for about three miles into the forest, he found the poor child lying under a tree, crying bitterly, and almost perishing with cold.

This little incident was the means of reconciling some of the white people to the near settlement of the Indians, of whom they had been in dread; but they now rather rejoiced in having such good neighbors; and it would have been well for both parties if the good feelings shown by the Indians to the first settlers in some hundreds of instances had met with such a return as men calling themselves Christians were bound to make; but, alas! it was far otherwise.

An anecdote which has been preserved, concerning an old Mohegan Indian named Wa-nou, affords a striking example of the strong affection of a father towards his only son.

During the frequent wars which took place between the Indians and the white men, the former had defeated a party of English soldiers, and put them to flight. The retreat being without order, a young English officer, in attempting to escape, was pursued by two of the savages, and finding an escape impracticable, he determined to sell his life as dear as possible. He turned round to face his enemies, and a violent conflict commenced, in

which he must have soon fallen ; but just as one of his assailants was about to raise the fatal tomahawk over his head, an old Indian threw himself between the combatants, and the red men instantly retired with respect.

The old man took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and led him through the forest to his wigwam, where he treated him with the greatest kindness. He seemed to take pleasure in the youth's company ; he was his constant companion ; he taught him his language, and made the rude arts of his countrymen familiar to him. They lived happily together, though the thoughts of home would occasionally disturb the Englishman's tranquillity, and for awhile his countenance appeared sorrowful. At these times Wanon would survey his young friend attentively, and while he fixed his eyes upon him, the tears would start into them.

On the return of spring, hostilities were recommenced, and every warrior appeared in arms. Wanon, whose strength was still sufficient to support the toils of war, set out with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred miles, at length arrived within sight of the English camp. Wanon observed the young man's countenance whilst he showed him the camp of his countrymen. "There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to fight us. Listen

to me. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows ; to hunt the bear and the buffalo ; to bring down the deer at full speed, and to outwit even the cunning fox. What wast thou when I first led thee to my wigwam ? Thy hands were like those of a child ; they served neither to support nor to defend thee ; thou wert ignorant, but from me thou hast learnt every thing. Wilt thou be ungrateful, and raise up thine arm against the red men ?”

The young Englishman declared with much warmth, that he would rather lose his own life than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends. The old warrior seemed to be overcome by some painful recollection ; he covered his face with his hands, bowed down his head, and remained in that posture for some time ; then, making as it were a strong effort, he again looked at the young man, and said to him in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief, “ Hast thou a father ?”

“ He was living,” said the young man, “ when I left my country.”

“ Oh, how fortunate he is still to have a son !” cried the Indian ; and then, after a minute’s silence, he added, “ Knowest thou that I have been a father, but I am no longer so ? I saw my son fall in battle ; he fought bravely by my side ; my son fell covered with wounds,

and he died like a man ! but I revenged his death ; yes, I *revenged* it."

Wa-nou pronounced these words with great vehemence ; his whole frame seemed agitated ; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his chest heaved with deep sighs. By degrees he became more calm, and, turning towards the east, where the sun had just risen, he said,—

"Young man, thou seest that glorious light—does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman, "I never look upon the rising sun without pleasure, or without feeling thankful to our great Father who created it."

"I am glad that thou art happy, but there is no more pleasure for me," said Wa-nou. A moment after, he showed the young man a shrub that was in full bloom.

"Seest thou that beautiful plant?" said he. "Hast thou any pleasure in beholding it?"

"Yes, great pleasure," replied the young man.

"To me, it can no longer give pleasure," said the old man : and then, after embracing the young Englishman with great affection, he concluded with these words : "*Begone, hasten to thine own country, that thy father may still have pleasure in beholding the rising sun and the flowers of spring.*"

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

SOME of the most interesting anecdotes of the early years of Washington, are such as connect him with his mother, or were derived from her narrations. She was a dignified and excellent woman, and is remembered with respect and love, by all who had the honor of her acquaintance.

Her husband died while their children were young. So, she had the sole care of their government and education. For this great charge she was eminently qualified. She was often asked what course she had pursued, in training up her illustrious son. And her reply was, "I only required *obedience, diligence, and truth.*"

These were the simple rules by which Washington became good and great. They were wrought in with the elements of his character, until his *goodness became greatness*, and his *greatness, goodness*. Is there any thing, in these three precepts of *obedience, dili-*

gence, and *truth*, which those who read this work are unwilling or careless to observe?

Washington, when a boy, was taught to be accurate in all his statements. He told things exactly as they were, and repeated words just as they had been spoken. If he had committed a fault, he did not try to conceal it, or lay the blame upon others.

Whatever his errors were, and the best child in the world sometimes does wrong, he always spoke of them to his mother, without disguise, and without delay. This was the foundation of that noble frankness, and contempt of deceit, which distinguished him through life, and made him revered by all.

Once, from an indiscretion of his boyhood, a considerable loss was incurred. He knew that it would interfere with favorite plans of his mother, give pain to her feelings, and perhaps awaken her severe displeasure. But he did not hesitate in his duty. He went immediately to her, and made a full acknowledgment; and she said, "I had rather this should have taken place, than my son should be guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to injure him by indulgence, or luxurious food. She required him to rise early, and never permitted him to be idle. Labors were some-

times assigned him, which the children of wealthy parents might have accounted severe. Thus he acquired strength, firmness of frame, and disregard of hardship.

He was taught to have certain hours for certain employments, and to be punctual. The systematic improvement of time, thus early taught, was of immense service when the mighty concerns of a nation devolved on him. Then he found leisure for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the most important and conflicting duties.

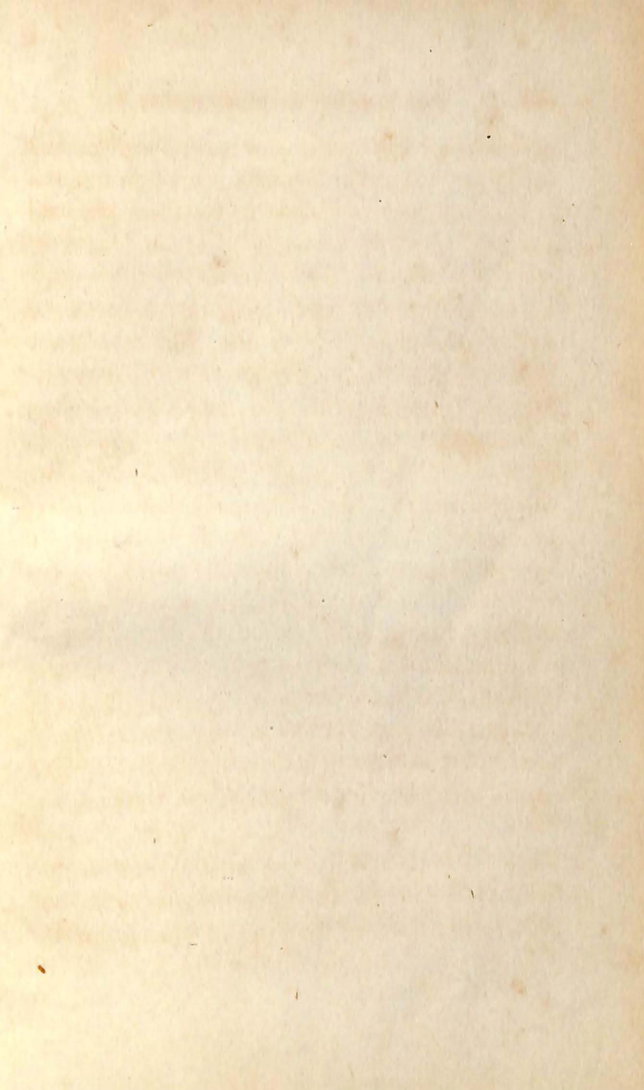
It was observed, by those who surrounded his person, that he neglected nothing, and was never known to be in a hurry. He was remarkable for neatness, yet spent but little time in arranging his dress.

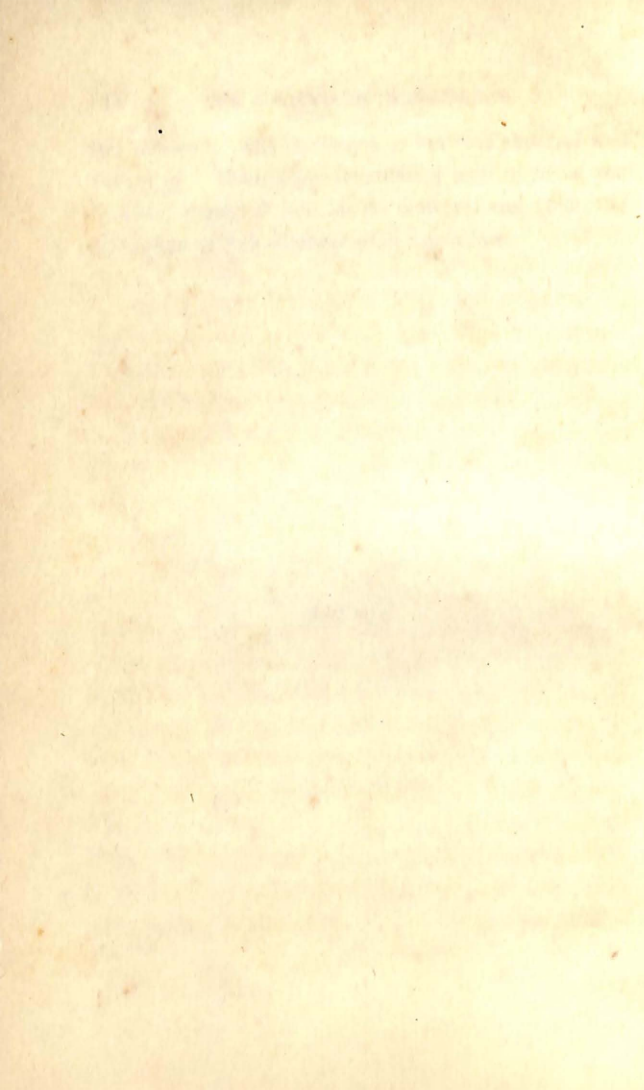
His habits of early rising, and strict attention to order, gave him time for every thing, so that the pressure of public business never rendered him inattentive to private duty, domestic courtesy, or kind hospitality. In winter, he rose two hours before day, and in summer was ready to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the dawn.

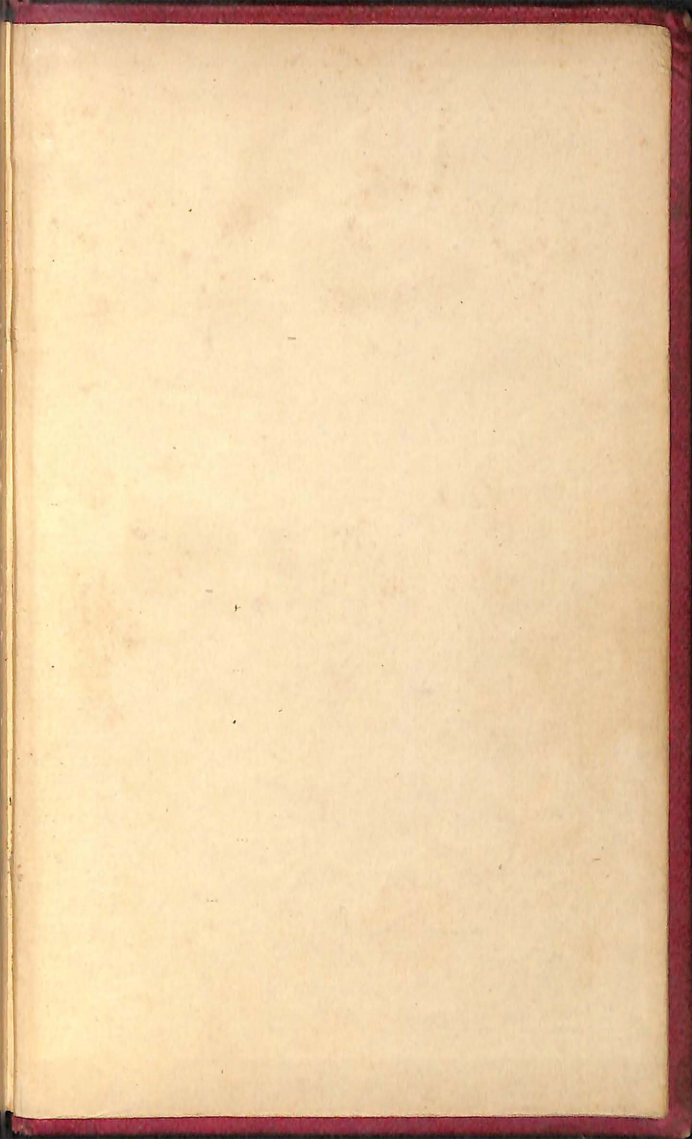
Such benefits did a man, whom the world beheld with admiration, derive from the counsels of a mother, who accustomed him to habits of early rising, order,

and industry. His obedience to her was cheerful and unvarying. Even after he attained mature years, and a nation regarded him as its deliverer and ruler, the expression of her slightest wish was a law.

THE END.







JUVENILE

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SCRAP BOOK